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EXTRA!

SEEK LOST FORTUNE IN NORWEGIAN TREASURE HUNT

Hope to Find Quisling's Secret Cache

TRAITOR'S NIECE TO AID

By KEITH MICHAELS

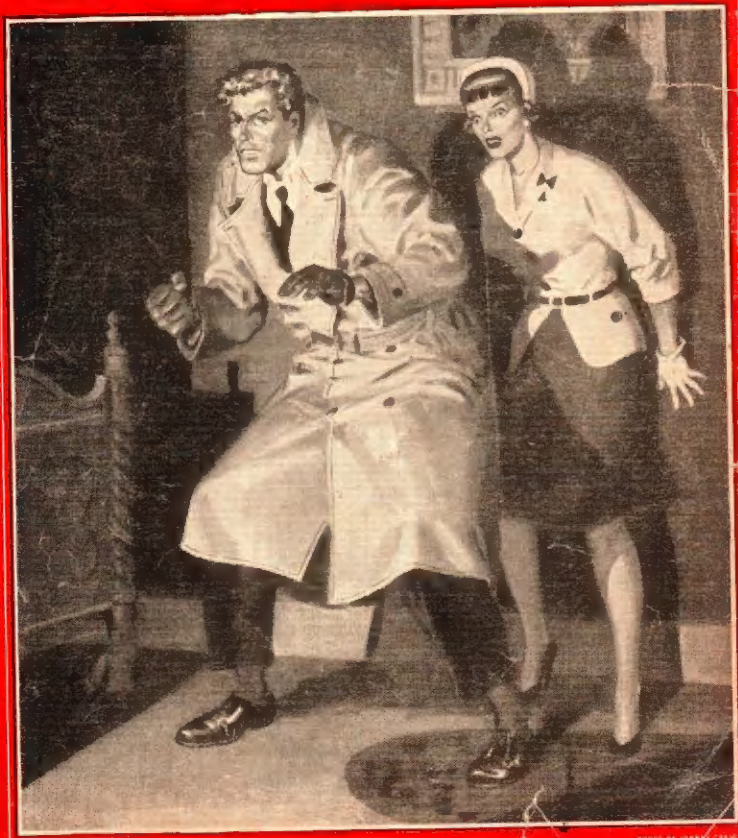
OSLO, March 19—A secret cache of gold bars, believed to be valued at more than five million dollars, was being sought today by staff members of the Oslo branch of the World Press News Service.

The gold bars, said to have been confiscated by a traitorous city official during the war years, were presumed to have been lost until a set of glassware was discovered with a code etched into the design giving the location of the gold.

However, the finding of the glassware merely solved one mystery and presented another. There was thought to be no one alive who could decipher the code until it was learned of the whereabouts of a woman who supposedly was the niece of the quisling and who was thought to have lived in his home when a child.

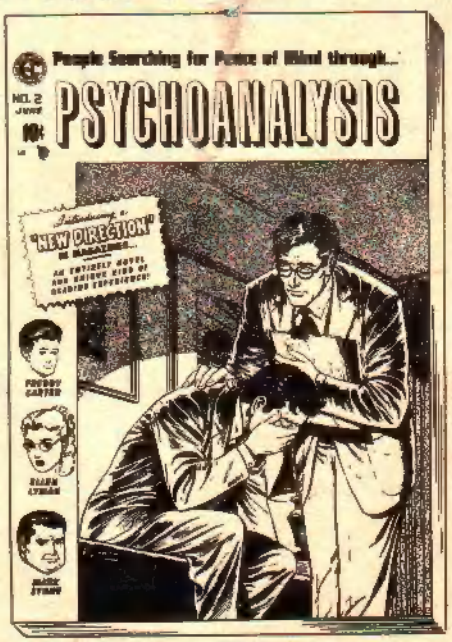
The woman is Miss Helena Didriksen of 271 East Malcom Street, Perth Amboy, New Jersey. Now an American citizen, Miss Didriksen has been living in this country since she was eight years of age. She readily consented to fly to Oslo to aid in the

Continued on Page 3



E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" ONE-TWO-PUNCH MAGS!

A LEFT TO THE BODY... AND A RIGHT TO THE HEAD!



STORIES OF PEOPLE SEEKING HEALTH AND HAPPINESS THROUGH THE GRIM BUT STIRRING WORLD OF REAL MEDICINE!

STORIES OF PEOPLE SEARCHING FOR PEACE OF MIND THROUGH THE MODERN SCIENCE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS!

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IF YOU'D LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO EITHER OR BOTH OF THE ABOVE MAGAZINES... OR TO ANY OTHER OF E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGAZINES... FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW, ENCLOSE $1.00 FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION, AND MAIL TO...

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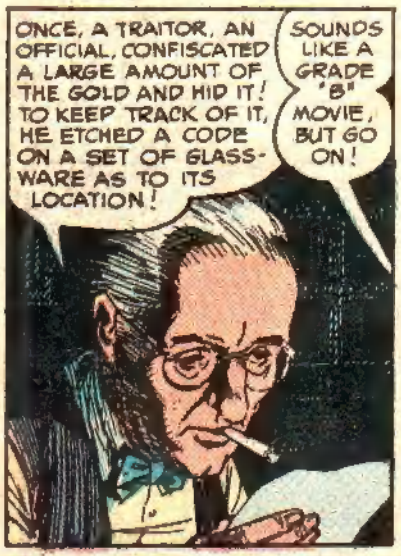
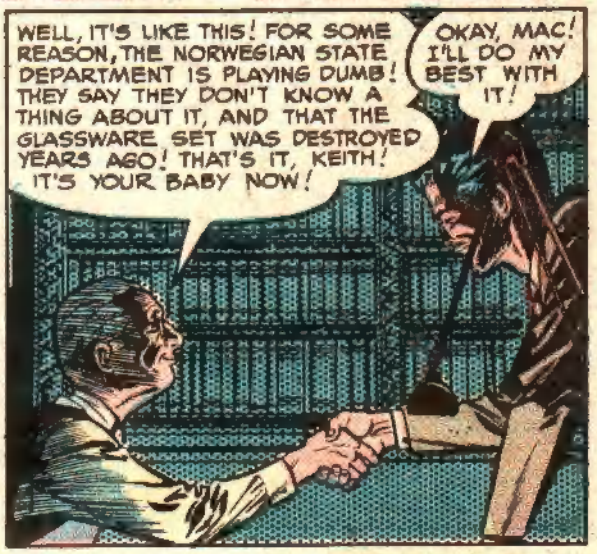
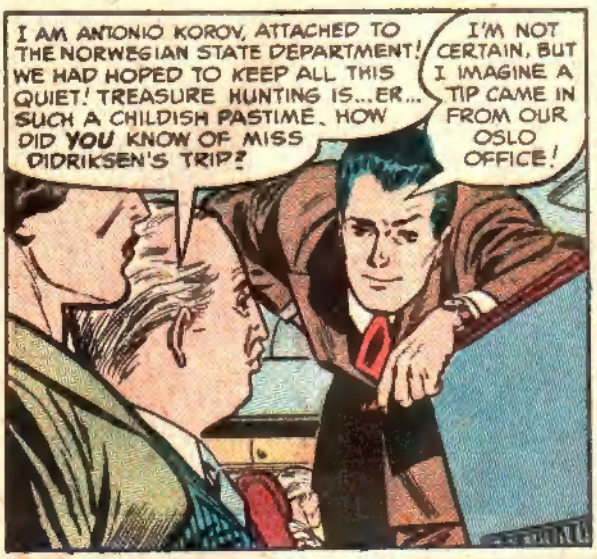
DATELINE: OSLO

AT THE OFFICE OF PATRICK JOSEPH MACDONALD, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE WORLD PRESS NEWS SERVICE IN NEW YORK...

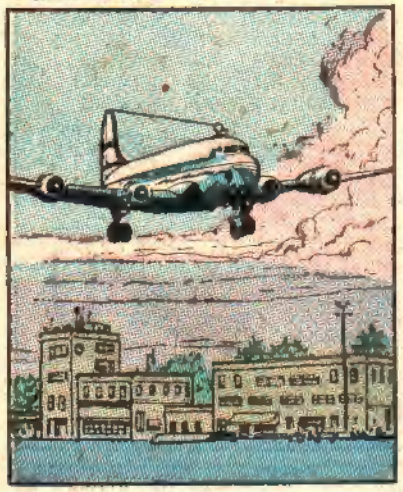




THE NEXT DAY FINDS KEITH ABOARD AN AIRLINER AS IT SPANS THE ATLANTIC ON ITS WAY TO NORWAY...



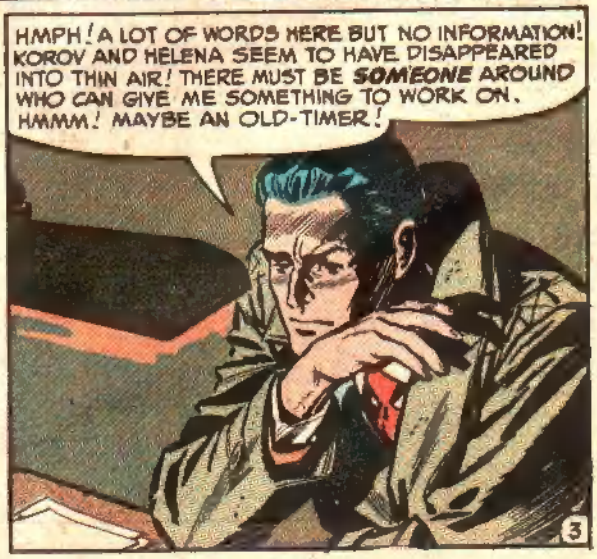
MANY HOURS LATER, THE HUGE PLANE LANDS AT OSLO AIRPORT...



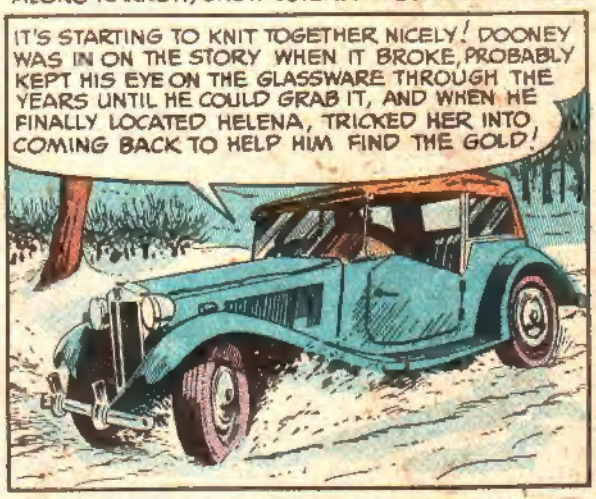
THE PASSENGERS ARE HUSTLED BRISKLY BUT EFFICIENTLY THROUGH CUSTOMS. KEITH COMPLETES THE NECESSARY ROUTINE IN TIME TO SEE HIS QUARRY DRIVE OFF IN A PRIVATE CAR...

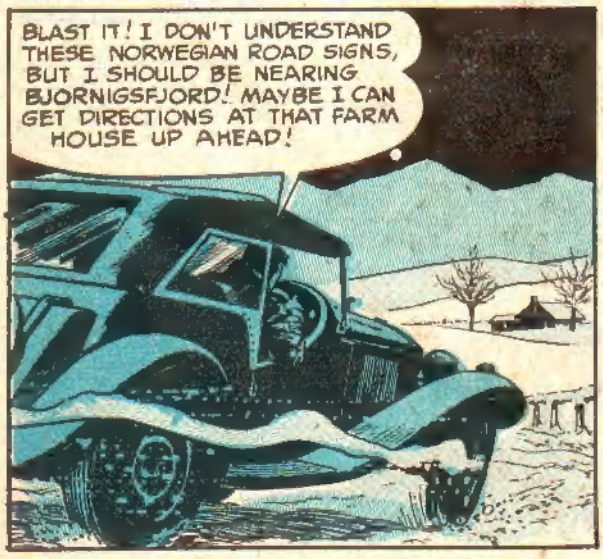
...AND AFTER CHECKING IN AT A HOTEL HE VISITS THE NORWEGIAN STATE DEPARTMENT...

AFTER SUCCESSIVE VISITS TO THE AMERICAN CONSULATE AND THE POLICE PROVE FUTILE, KEITH GOES TO THE OSLO BRANCH OF THE WORLD PRESS NEWS SERVICE...

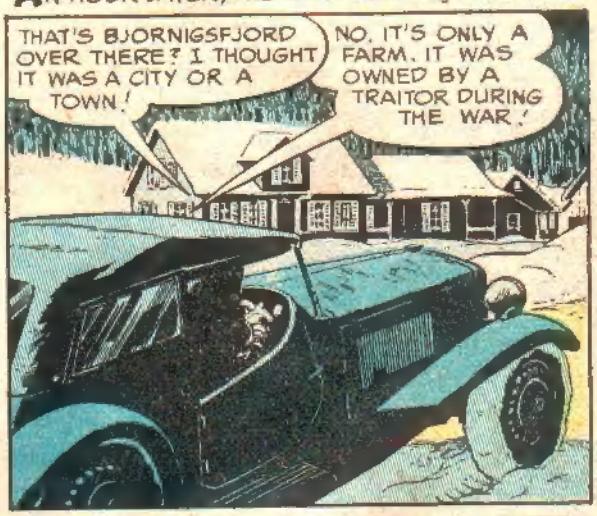


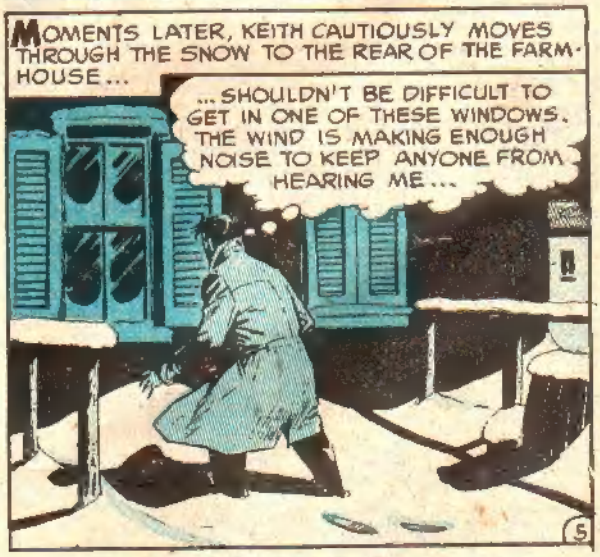
LATER, IN A RENTED CAR, KEITH SPEEDS DANGEROUSLY ALONG NARROW, SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAIN ROADS...





AN HOUR LATER, THE CAR SKIDS TO A HALT...



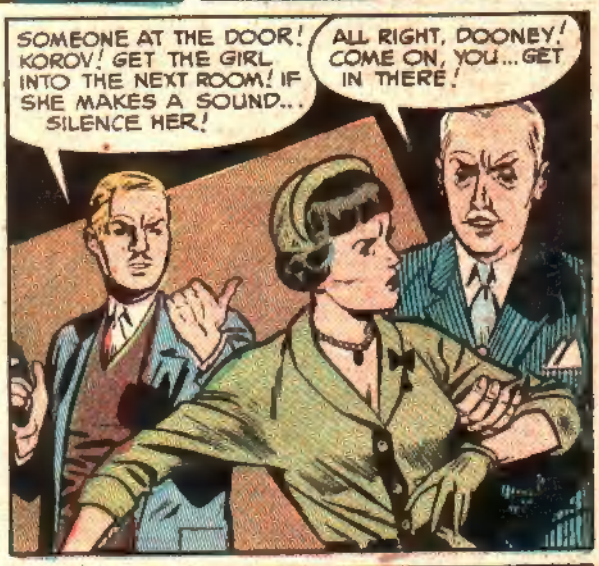


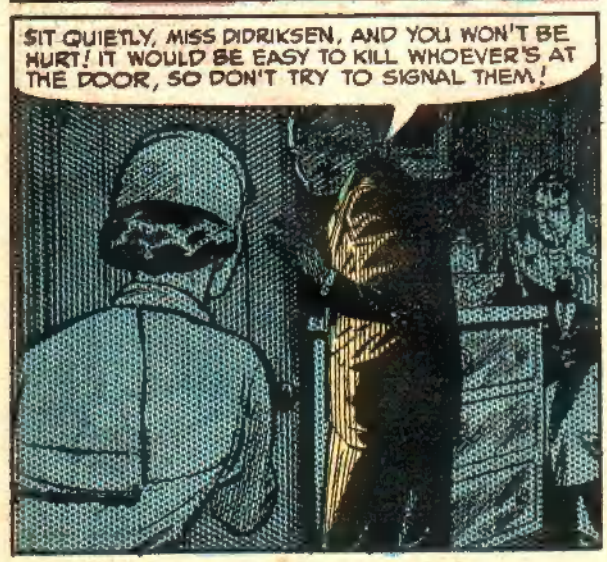
SO FAR SO GOOD! I CAN HEAR THEIR VOICES UP FRONT!

THERE THEY ARE... KOROV AND TWO OTHER MEN! THAT MUST BE DOONEY WITH THE GUN! THEY DON'T SEEM TO HAVE HARMED HELENA IN ANY WAY... BUT THEY'RE STARTING TO GET ROUGH!

I TELL YOU I CAN'T REMEMBER THE CODE! IT'S BEEN SO LONG A TIME...
STOP STALLING! I WANT THE LOCATION OF THAT GOLD AND I WANT IT NOW!

YOU DON'T FRIGHTEN ME! IF YOU HARM ME YOU'LL NEVER FIND THE GOLD!
THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO MAKE YOU REMEMBER... AND NONE OF THEM ARE PLEASANT! YOU'D... WHAT'S THAT?
KNOCK KNOCK


SOMEONE AT THE DOOR! KOROV! GET THE GIRL INTO THE NEXT ROOM! IF SHE MAKES A SOUND... SILENCE HER!
ALL RIGHT, DOONEY! COME ON, YOU... GET IN THERE!


SIT QUIETLY, MISS DIDRIKSEN, AND YOU WON'T BE HURT! IT WOULD BE EASY TO KILL WHOEVER'S AT THE DOOR, SO DON'T TRY TO SIGNAL THEM!

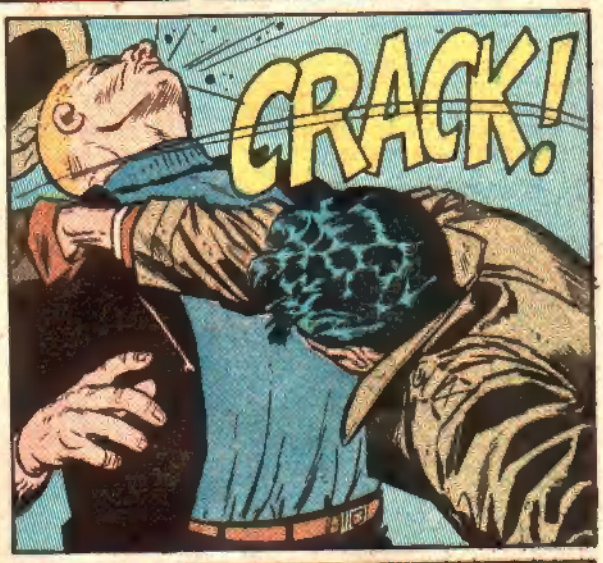
YES? WHAT IS IT?
PARDON ME, BUT I SEEM TO HAVE LOST MY WAY! COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO OSLO?

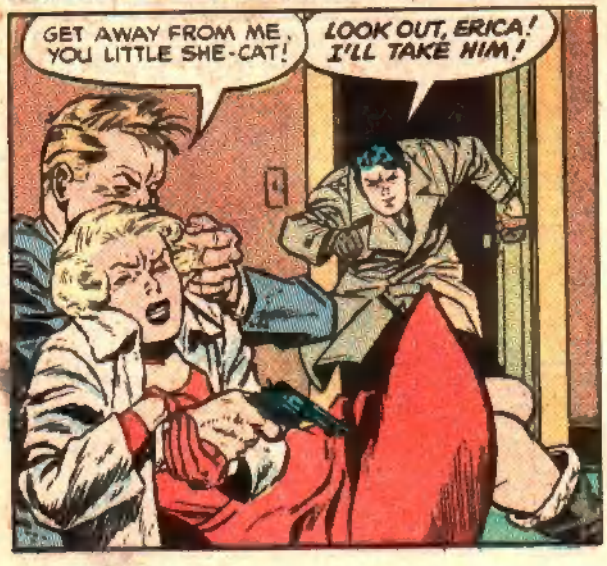
WHILE ERICA OCCUPIES DOONEY'S ATTENTION, KEITH QUIETLY SNEAKS UP BEHIND THE LISTENING KOROV...

WHAT'S THAT?! JAN! SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED IN THERE! MAYBE IT'S A TRAP! STAY WHERE YOU ARE, MISS!

THEY HEARD! GET OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW! HURRY! I'LL COVER YOU!

EY! SHE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE! STOP!


CRACK!


GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU LITTLE SHE-CAT!
LOOK OUT, ERICA! I'LL TAKE HIM!

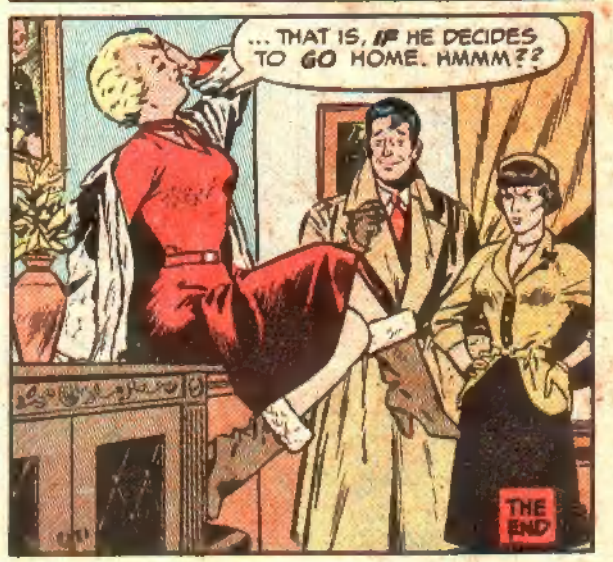
WHACK!

WHEW! THANKS, ERICA! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!
I COULDN'T LET HIM KILL YOU, COULD I? AFTER I JUST MET YOU!

DOONEY AND HIS MEN WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE NOW! I TOLD THE POLICE THE WHOLE SET-UP BEFORE I LEFT OSLO! THEY'LL BE HERE SOON! BUT I'M SORRY THE GLASSWARE WAS SMASHED!
DON'T WORRY. IT WASN'T THE RIGHT SET, ANYWAY! BUT IF I TOLD THEM, I'D HAVE BEEN KILLED IMMEDIATELY!

GOOD GOING! THEN THE RIGHT SET OF GLASSES IS STILL AROUND?
NO... I WAS PRETTY CERTAIN THE SET WAS DESTROYED EVEN BEFORE I LEFT NORWAY AS A CHILD. BUT IT WAS POSSIBLE I WAS MISTAKEN. THAT'S WHY I AGREED TO COME BACK!

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT! IF THERE WAS A SET OF GLASSES AROUND, THE NORWEGIAN GOVERNMENT WOULD HAVE KNOWN OF IT BY THIS TIME!
WELL, IT'S OVER NOW. WE CAN TALK ABOUT IT ... AND BECOME BETTER ACQUAINTED... ON OUR WAY BACK HOME!


... THAT IS, IF HE DECIDES TO GO HOME. HMMM??
THE END

THE TYRRHENIAN SEA... BETWEEN SICILY AND ITALY... LIES A TINY ISLAND... THE NORTHERNMOST MEMBER OF THE LIPARIS... NEXT TO ITS NAME ON A MAP YOU'LL FIND A NOTATION THAT THE ISLAND IS VOLCANIC...

STROMBOLI!

ALL RIGHT, GENTS... IS EVERYBODY HERE? WE'RE READY TO GO!

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! WHERE'S THE WORLD PRESS MAN... YOU KNOW? THAT BIG PHOTOG!

OFFICIAL PRESS BO FOR DISASTE

JOHN JEVERIN

OH... YOU MEAN BIG STEVE RAMPART... HE'S GONE ON AHEAD! HE CHARTERED A PLANE!

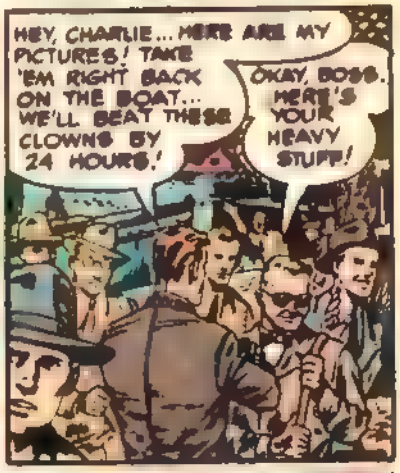
YEAH... THE CRAZY GALOOT... TRUST RAMPART TO PULL ONE LIKE THAT! HE'S A CRAZY GUY!

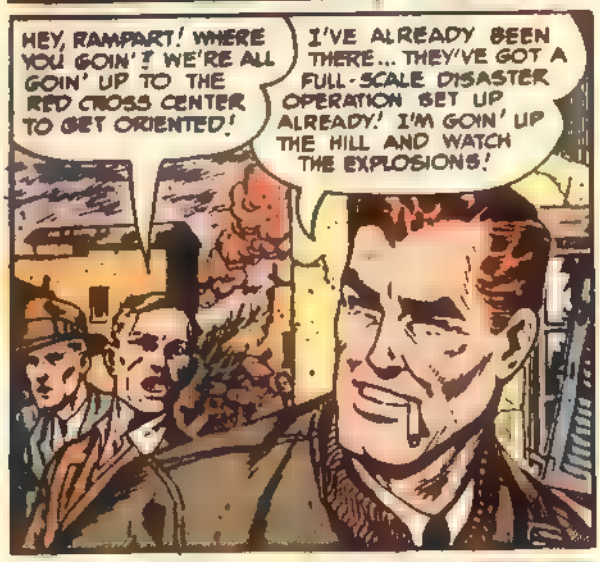
CRAZY IS RIGHT... HE'S GOT NO PLACE TO LAND ON STROMBOLI! NOW... I'M NO DOPE! I CHECKED ON IT!

LAND? YOU DON'T THINK RAMPART WOULD DO ANYTHING NORMAL LIKE *LAND* IN A PLANE? HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?

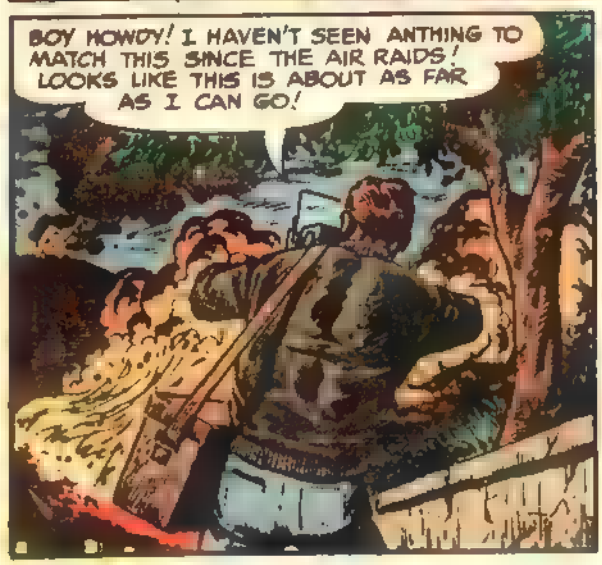
MEANWHILE...
HOT DAWG! SOME SHOT!

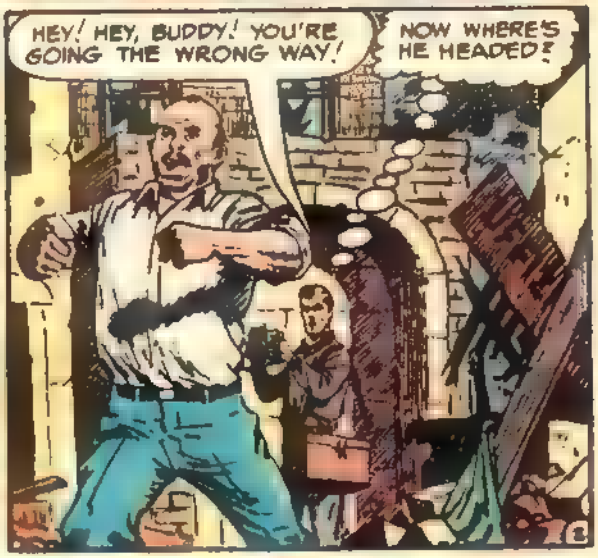
HUMPH! I'D BETTER STOP SHOOTIN' PICTURES AND WORK ON THESE SHROUD LINES...OR I'M GOIN' TO MISS THAT ISLAND ALTOGETHER!

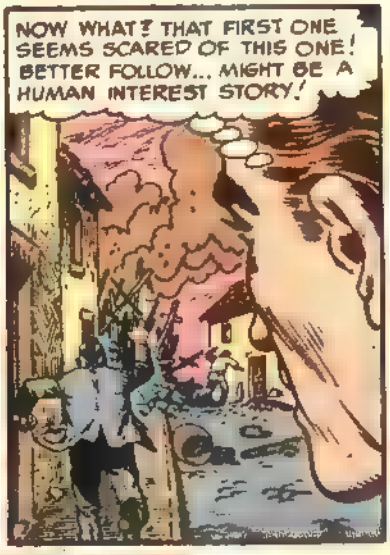

HOURS LATER... AT AN EMERGENCY DOCK... RAMPART IS ON HAND TO GREET THE PRESS BOAT...
HEY, CHARLIE... HERE ARE MY PICTURES! TAKE 'EM RIGHT BACK ON THE BOAT... WE'LL BEAT THESE CLOWNS BY 24 HOURS!
OKAY, BOSS. HERE'S YOUR HEAVY STUFF!


HEY, RAMPART! WHERE YOU GOIN'? WE'RE ALL GOIN' UP TO THE RED CROSS CENTER TO GET ORIENTED!
I'VE ALREADY BEEN THERE... THEY'VE GOT A FULL-SCALE DISASTER OPERATION SET UP ALREADY! I'M GOIN' UP THE HILL AND WATCH THE EXPLOSIONS!

DOVE VA ELLA, SIGNOR? RITORNO!
HUH? OH! BAD, IS IT?


BOY HOWDY! I HAVEN'T SEEN ANTHING TO MATCH THIS SINCE THE AIR RAIDS! LOOKS LIKE THIS IS ABOUT AS FAR AS I CAN GO!

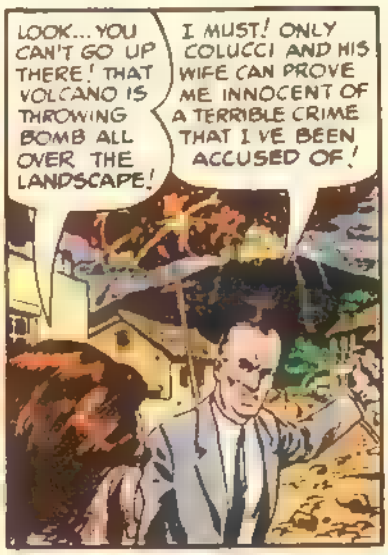

HEY! HEY, BUDDY! YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY!
NOW WHERE'S HE HEADED?

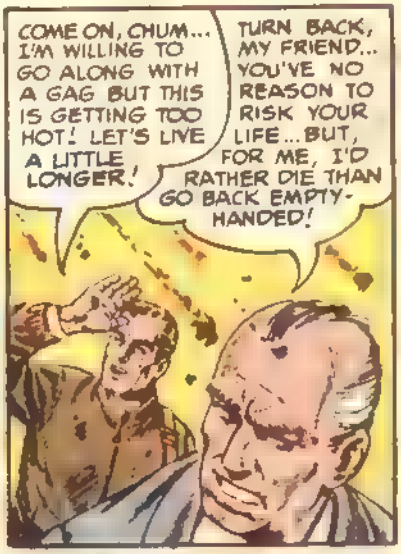


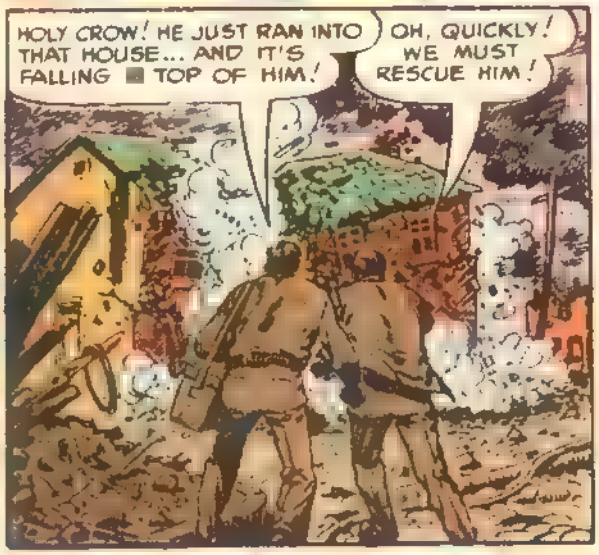
THE THREE THUGS SCATTER BEFORE STEVE'S BLOCKBUSTING ONSLAUGHT... THEN THEY REGROUP AND, SUDDENLY, THEY CHARGE!

THE TRIO TAKES TO ITS HEELS!

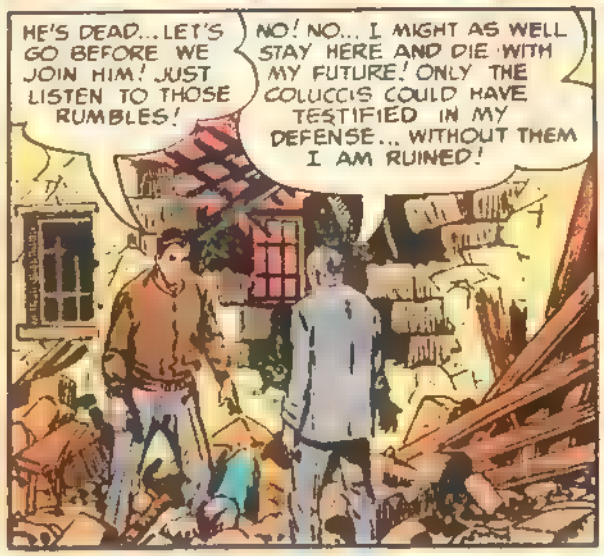
YOU'RE AMERICAN, AREN'T YOU?
YES...YES, I AM! THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR HELP... BUT, NOW I MUST GO AFTER COLUCCI AGAIN!

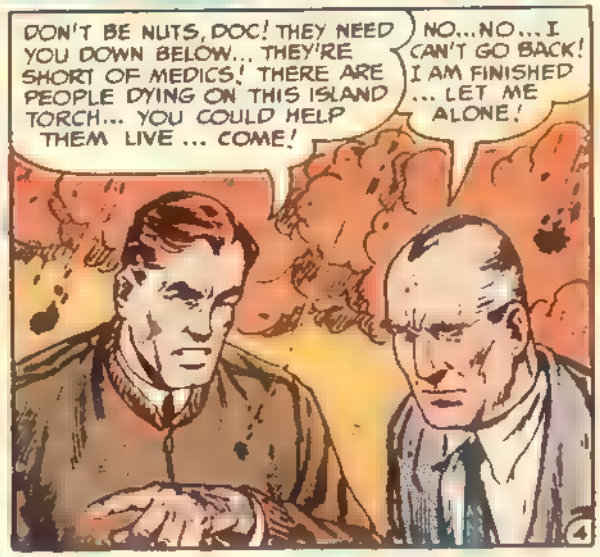

LOOK...YOU CAN'T GO UP THERE! THAT VOLCANO IS THROWING BOMB ALL OVER THE LANDSCAPE!
I MUST! ONLY COLUCCI AND HIS WIFE CAN PROVE ME INNOCENT OF A TERRIBLE CRIME THAT I VE BEEN ACCUSED OF!

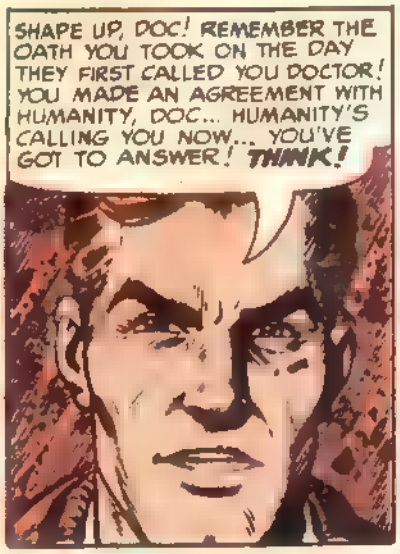

COME ON, CHUM... I'M WILLING TO GO ALONG WITH A GAG BUT THIS IS GETTING TOO HOT! LET'S LIVE A LITTLE LONGER!
TURN BACK, MY FRIEND... YOU'VE NO REASON TO RISK YOUR LIFE...BUT, FOR ME, I'D RATHER DIE THAN GO BACK EMPTY-HANDED!


HOLY CROW! HE JUST RAN INTO THAT HOUSE... AND IT'S FALLING ■ TOP OF HIM!
OH, QUICKLY! WE MUST RESCUE HIM!

HE'S HAD IT...I'VE SEEN THAT LOOK BEFORE!
NO...NO, HE CAN'T BE! I AM A DOCTOR...PERHAPS I CAN SAVE HIM!
CARISSIMA! MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE! SHE IS LOST INSIDE!


HE'S DEAD...LET'S GO BEFORE WE JOIN HIM! JUST LISTEN TO THOSE RUMBLES!
NO! NO... I MIGHT AS WELL STAY HERE AND DIE WITH MY FUTURE! ONLY THE COLUCCIS COULD HAVE TESTIFIED IN MY DEFENSE... WITHOUT THEM I AM RUINED!

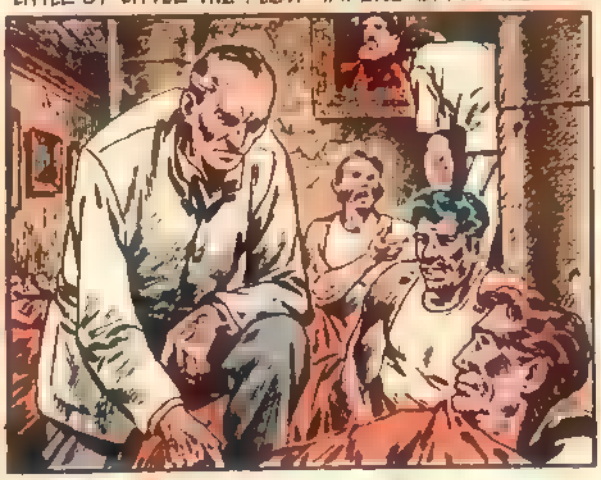

DON'T BE NUTS, DOC! THEY NEED YOU DOWN BELOW... THEY'RE SHORT OF MEDICS! THERE ARE PEOPLE DYING ON THIS ISLAND TORCH... YOU COULD HELP THEM LIVE ... COME!
NO...NO...I CAN'T GO BACK! I AM FINISHED ... LET ME ALONE!

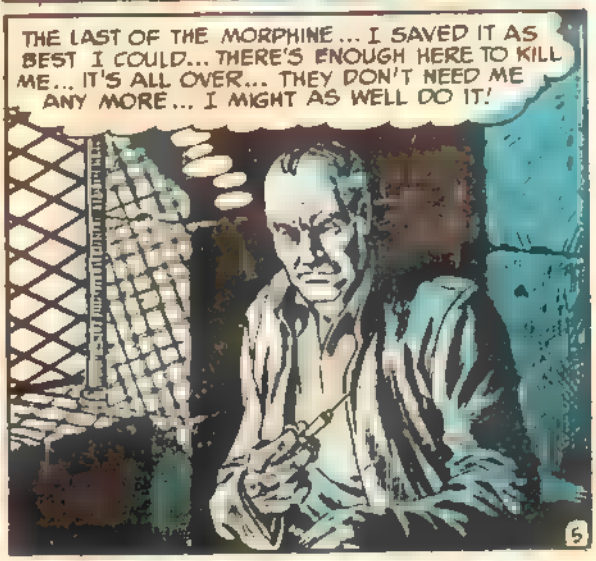


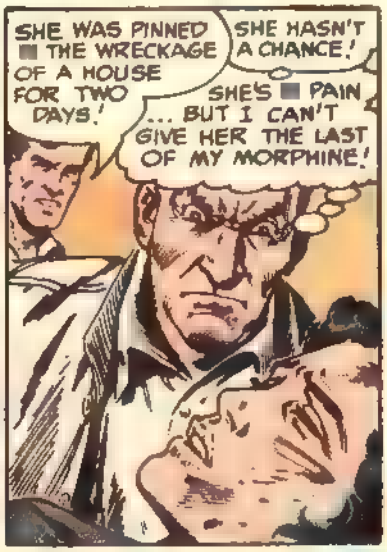
WITHOUT QUESTION, THE AID STATION ACCEPTS RAMPART AND THE DOCTOR... THE NEED IS GREAT... AND, SO, FOR HOURS THEY WORK SIDE BY SIDE... ALMOST WORDLESSLY!

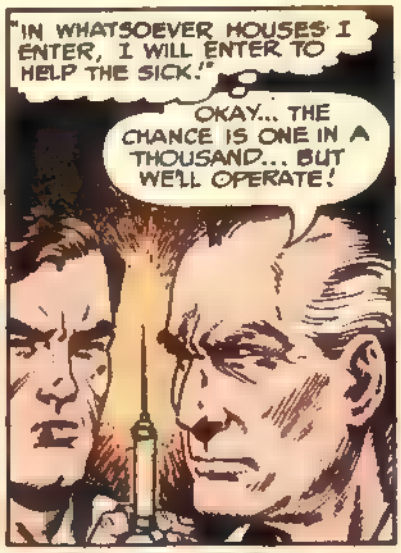
AND THE NIGHT COMES... AND THE ENDLESS FLOW OF THE HURT AND DYING GOES ON... AND THERE IS TIME ONLY TO SNATCH COFFEE AND A CIGARETTE HERE AND THERE!

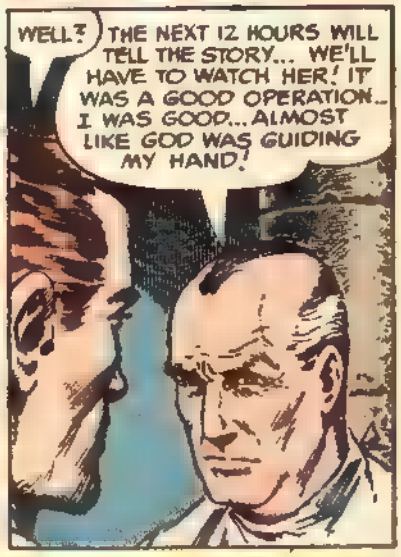
AND THE DAY FOLLOWS THE NIGHT... AND STRUGGLING ON THE BLEAK EDGE OF EXHAUSTION THEY GO ON... UNTIL LITTLE BY LITTLE THE FLOW TAPERS OFF... REST...

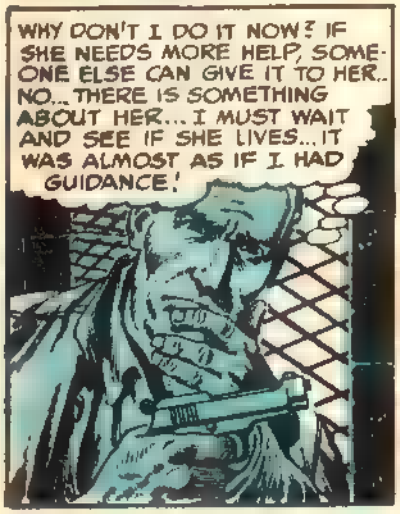


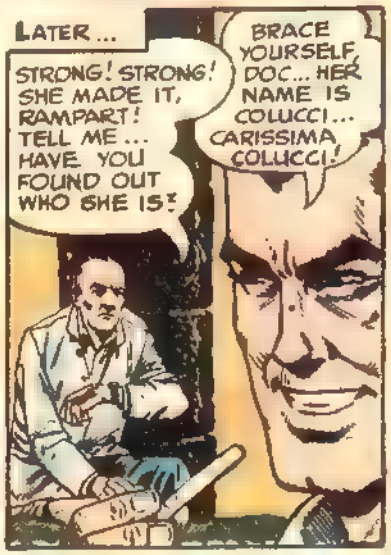








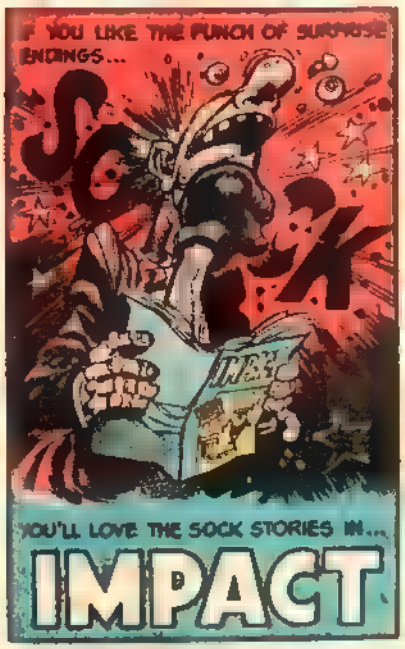


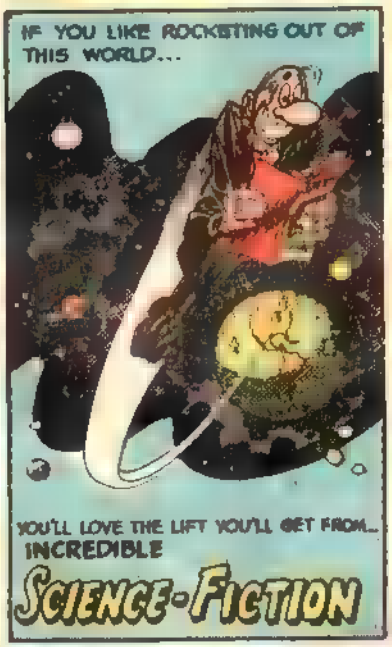


HIPPOCRATES ALSO SAID:-"HEALING IS A MATTER OF TIME, BUT IT IS SOMETIMES ALSO A MATTER OF OPPORTUNITY."

IF YOU LIKE NEW EXPERIENCES, YOU'LL LOVE

E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS





IF YOU'D LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO ANY OF THE ABOVE E.C. "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS, YOU'LL LOVE THE SUBSCRIPTION COUPON ON THE INSIDE FRONT COVER!

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Right now the Sentinel's city room is so quiet you could hear a stick of type drop; Lisa Burdin just came in.

The Burdin story, in case you don't remember, centered around a million-dollar real estate outfit, strictly phoney. Lisa, who fronted for the whole racket, was a knockout, so it wasn't like pulling teeth when the city editor asked the whizz-kid of the staff to get acquainted with her. Hal Boyd responded with his usual, and perhaps with even a bit more than his usual zeal. He and Lisa were going steady inside of a week.

Rumor had it at the time that they were serious about each other, but Hal had an obligation to his paper to fulfill. He wrote the story and the Sentinel splashed it all over the front page. It was so hot it carried across the nation on the wires of the press services, and of course, the police rounded up the entire gang . . . including Lisa. She got three years. And that was just three years ago.

Now she had come back, and even though she looked slimmer she was still a knockout as she walked calmly up to Hal's desk.

"Hello, Hal," she murmured. "Remember me?"

At the sound of her voice Hal's fingers froze on the keys. He turned slowly from his typing mill and looked searchingly into her eyes.

"Hello, Lisa," he said. "I didn't think I'd ever see you again."

Her cool, metallic eyes didn't leave Hal's for a second. "I had to see you, Hal. At least once more." She knew we were all watching but she didn't seem to care. "I promised myself this," she went on, "for a long time."

Her hand slipped into her bag.

The slight movement was caught by everyone. Hal noticed it too, and he paused momentarily before rising to his feet to face her.

"I had to do it, Lisa. It was a matter of ethics, of honor. If I hadn't gone through with the story I wouldn't be able to look myself in the eye. Maybe I was wrong, but somehow I thought you understood."

He took a deep breath, and buried his hands in his pockets. The air crackled with tension.

"I know it was rough on you, Lisa. It was rough on me, too. I wasn't kidding years ago when I said I loved you. I meant it then. I mean it now. But it couldn't have wound up any other way, honey. You had to take what was coming to you."

There was a faint, inscrutable smile on her face now. Her hand moved perceptibly inside the bag.

"I know how you feel, Lisa," Hal continued. "I don't blame you if you hate me for what I've done to you. But I was hoping . . ." His hand came out of his pocket holding a wedding ring. "I guess it doesn't matter now what I was hoping."

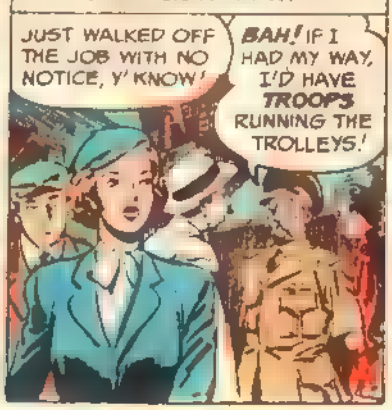
"It matters to me, Hal," she said quietly. She withdrew her hand from the bag and extended it out to him. And suddenly she laughed at his puzzled relief, for nestled cozily in her palm was a wedding ring.

"Looks like we'll have a double-ring ceremony, doesn't it, Hal?"

HONG KONG!

HONG KONG...THE SENSITIVE CROWN COLONY POISED ON THE PERIMETER OF THE BAMBOO CURTAIN, WITH A TEEMING POPULATION OF ALMOST 2,000,000! HERE, EAST AND WEST MEET...

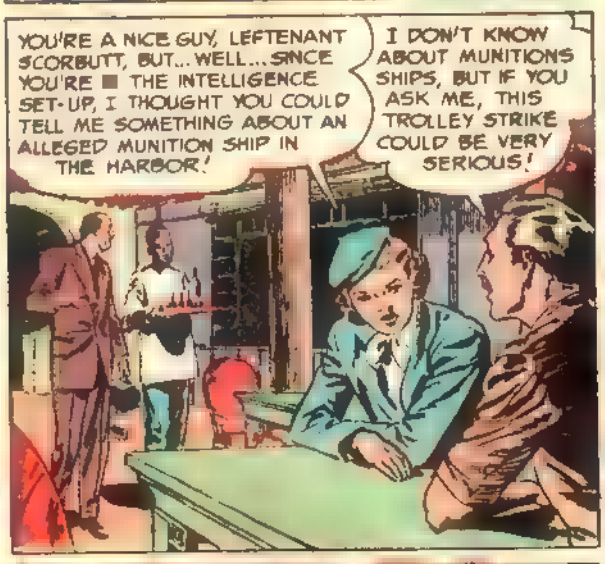
A SUDDEN TROLLEY STRIKE WAS BEING TAKEN IN HONG KONG'S STRIDE. OUTWARDLY, GERI HAMILTON'S PRETTY NOSE DIDN'T LOOK IT, BUT IT **WAS** A NOSE FOR NEWS. SHE LISTENED...

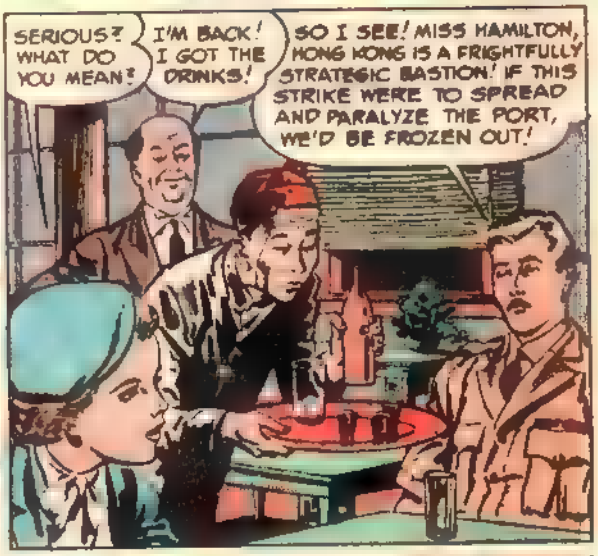


DAGGER, BE A GOOD GUY AND SEE IF YOU CAN ROUND UP A FEW DRINKS, WILL YOU, PLEASE?
I WILL, IF I CAN FIND A WAITER WHO SPEAKS ENGLISH!

WE CALL HIM DAGGER BECAUSE HE'S BEEN IN THE CAMERA GAME EVER SINCE THEY INVENTED THE DAGUERROTYPE!
IF I MAY SAY SO, I HOPE HE TAKES HIS TIME GETTING OUR DRINKS!

ACTUALLY, I'M NOT THE OUTSPOKEN TYPE... BUT YOU'RE REALLY VERY ATTRACTIVE! IF YOU...
THANKS, BUT NO THANKS!

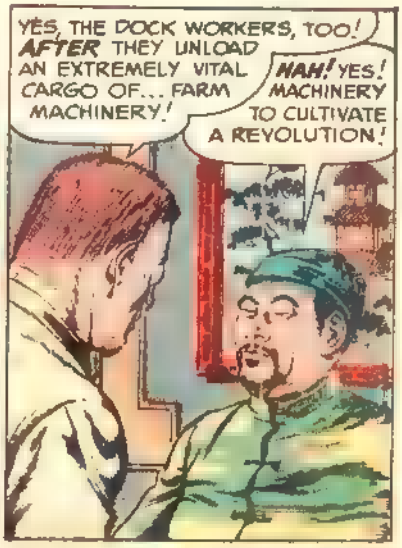

YOU'RE A NICE GUY, LEFTENANT SCORBUTT, BUT... WELL... SINCE YOU'RE ■ THE INTELLIGENCE SET-UP, I THOUGHT YOU COULD TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT AN ALLEGED MUNITION SHIP IN THE HARBOR!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT MUNITIONS SHIPS, BUT IF YOU ASK ME, THIS TROLLEY STRIKE COULD BE VERY SERIOUS!


SERIOUS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I'M BACK! I GOT THE DRINKS!
SO I SEE! MISS HAMILTON, HONG KONG IS A FRIGHTFULLY STRATEGIC BASTION! IF THIS STRIKE WERE TO SPREAD AND PARALYZE THE PORT, WE'D BE FROZEN OUT!

SO? THE WESTERNERS SPEAK OF US! MANY PEOPLE DO! WHAT OF IT!
IT IS AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER COUPLE! THEY TALK WITH THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE MAN!
IT WOULD BE WISE TO BRING THEM HERE! TO PROVE YOU ARE HIDING NOTHING!

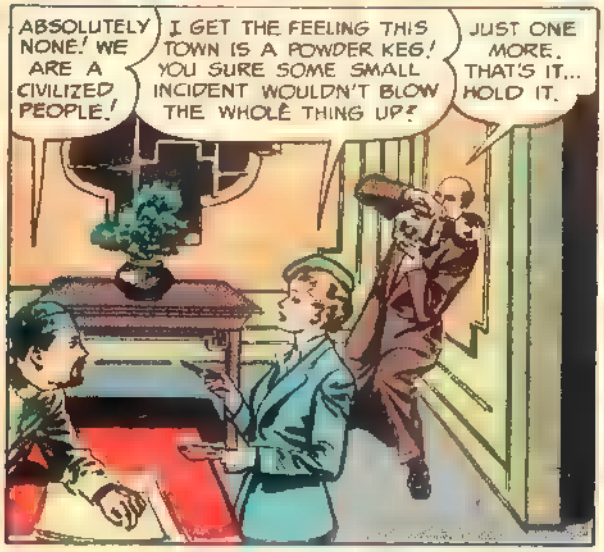
YOU ARE RIGHT, MY COLONEL! I SHALL GRANT AN INTERVIEW!
GO, CHU! YOU HAVE DONE WELL!

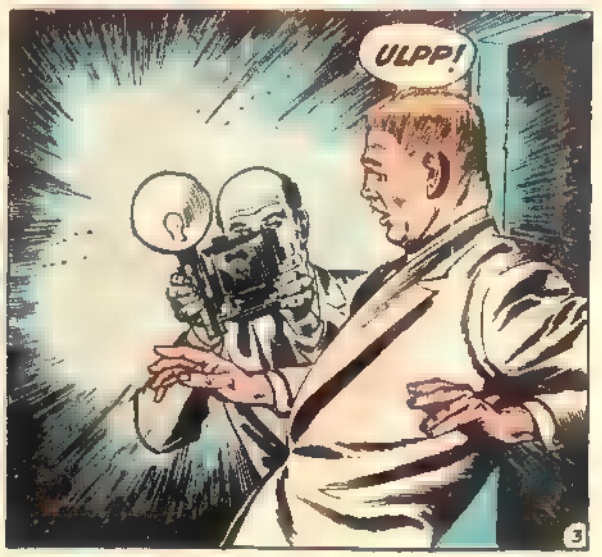
AHH... ALL GOES WELL! THE FIRST STRIKE IS EFFECTIVE, AND SOON YOU, LIU, WILL ORDER THE STRIKE TO SPREAD! THE UTILITY WORKERS... THEN THE DOCKERS!
THE DOCKERS TOO?

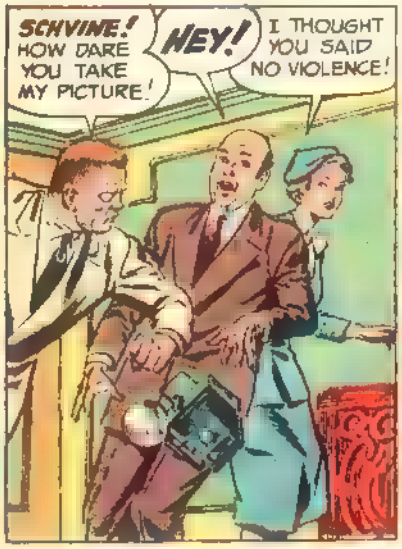

YES, THE DOCK WORKERS, TOO! AFTER THEY UNLOAD AN EXTREMELY VITAL CARGO OF... FARM MACHINERY!
NAH! YES! MACHINERY TO CULTIVATE A REVOLUTION!

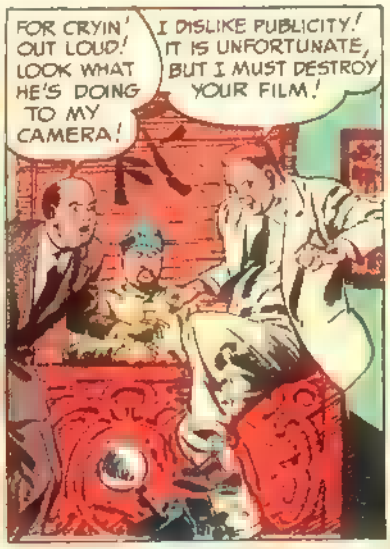
PRECISELY! BUT FIRST, I MUST RESTRAIN ONE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER WHO SEEMS TO BE AWARE OF OUR PLANS! WE WILL HOLD HIM UNTIL THE FREIGHTER IS UNLOADED, THEN...
KIKKCH!

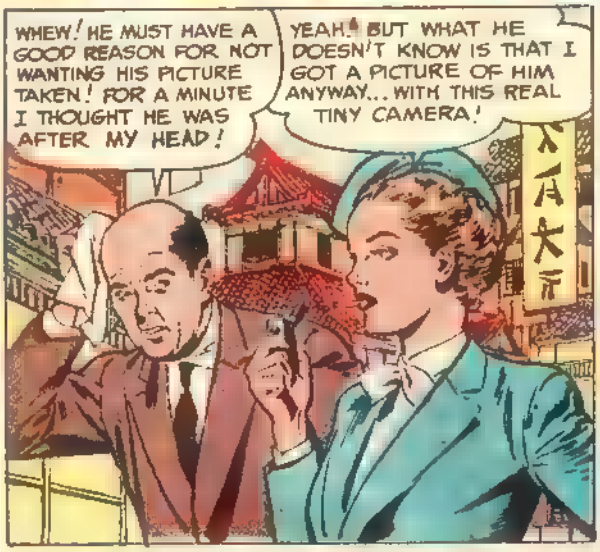
REPLY TO LIU'S REQUEST, GERI AND DAGGER GO TO HIS OFFICE THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
...AND SO YOU SEE, MISS HAMILTON, IT IS NOT MUCH DIFFERENT THAN A STRIKE IN YOUR COUNTRY! THE WORKERS MERELY NEED MORE MONEY!
HOLD IT, PLEASE.
THEN THERE IS NO POSSIBILITY OF VIOLENCE?


ABSOLUTELY NONE! WE ARE A CIVILIZED PEOPLE!
I GET THE FEELING THIS TOWN IS A POWDER KEG! YOU SURE SOME SMALL INCIDENT WOULDN'T BLOW THE WHOLE THING UP?
JUST ONE MORE. THAT'S IT... HOLD IT.


ULPP!

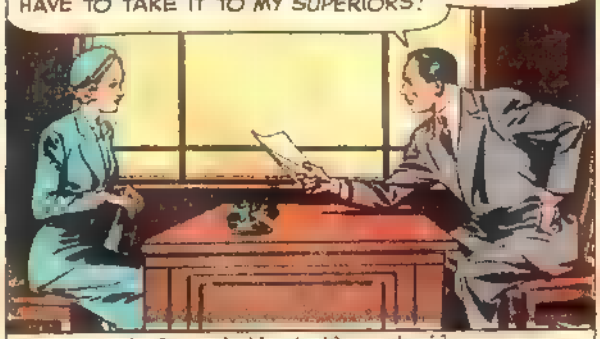






Hong Kong, March 9--Government and labor officials today expressed confidence that no violence would come of the day-old walkout of Hong Kong transit workers. However, this correspondent learned that beneath the calm exterior, a pot of international intrigue is boiling.

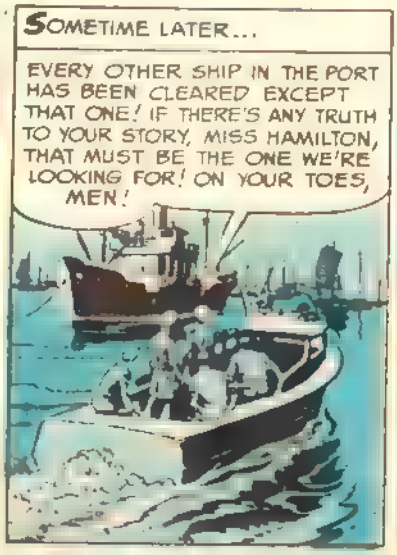
LATER, AT THE CENSOR'S, WHERE NEWS REPORTS ARE CLEARED BEFORE BEING RADIOED TO THE STATES...

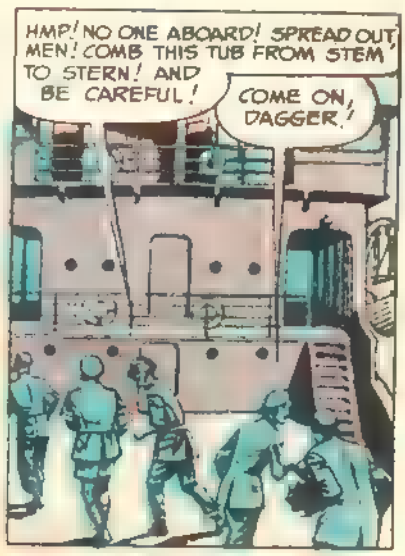


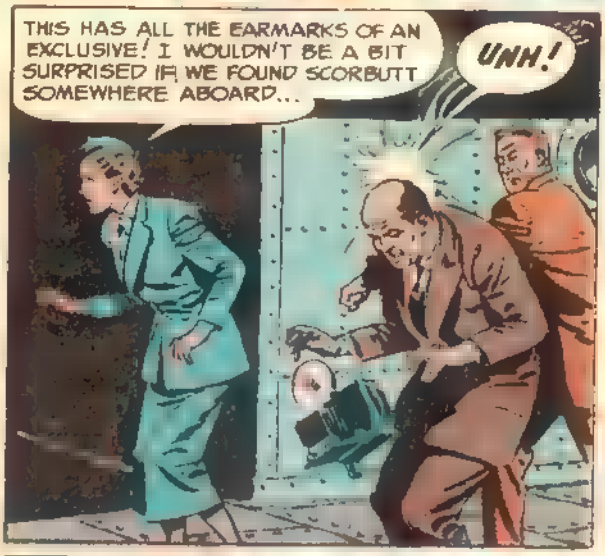
It was deduced that the strike, started in good faith, was being used as a lever to soon pry the government out of the city.

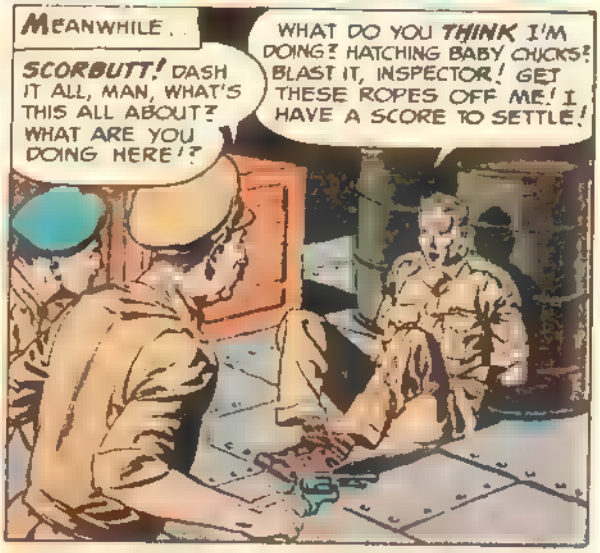
It is believed that a gigantic cargo of arms is aboard a foreign freighter lying in Hong Kong harbor waiting to unload when the time is right.

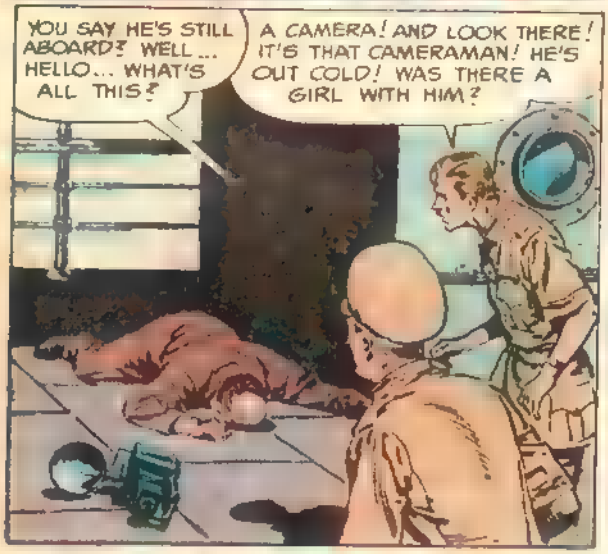
CLAMP A MILITARY CURFEW ON THE COLONY! SEARCH THE HARBOR! INSPECT EVERY CARGO OF EVERY SHIP!
RIGHTO!

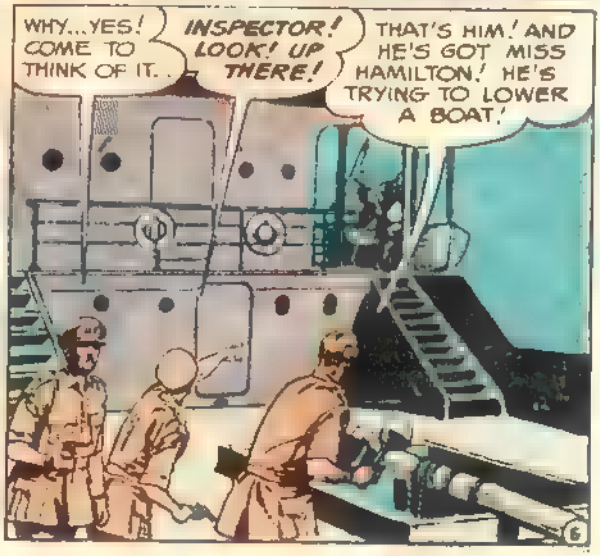

SOMETIME LATER...
EVERY OTHER SHIP IN THE PORT HAS BEEN CLEARED EXCEPT THAT ONE! IF THERE'S ANY TRUTH TO YOUR STORY, MISS HAMILTON, THAT MUST BE THE ONE WE'RE LOOKING FOR! ON YOUR TOES, MEN!

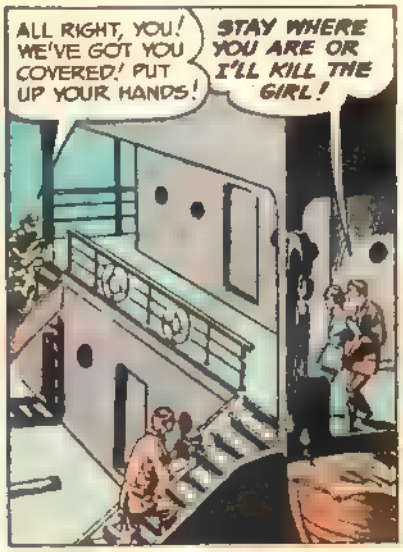

HMP! NO ONE ABOARD! SPREAD OUT, MEN! COMB THIS TUB FROM STEM TO STERN! AND BE CAREFUL!
COME ON, DAGGER!


THIS HAS ALL THE EARMARKS OF AN EXCLUSIVE! I WOULDN'T BE A BIT SURPRISED IF WE FOUND SCORBUTT SOMEWHERE ABOARD...
UNH!

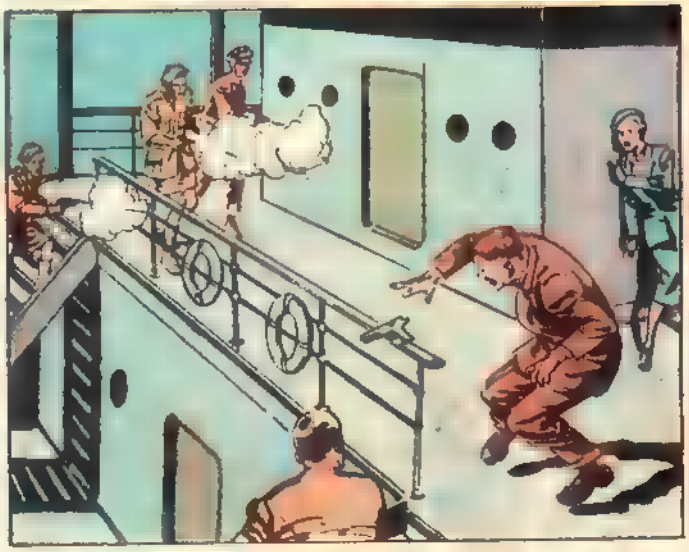

MEANWHILE..
SCORBUTT! DASH IT ALL, MAN, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!?
WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M DOING? HATCHING BABY CHICKS? BLAST IT, INSPECTOR! GET THESE ROPES OFF ME! I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE!

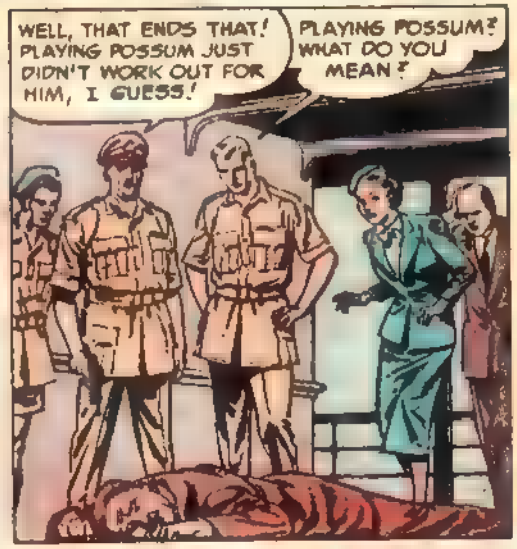

YOU SAY HE'S STILL ABOARD? WELL... HELLO... WHAT'S ALL THIS?
A CAMERA! AND LOOK THERE! IT'S THAT CAMERAMAN! HE'S OUT COLD! WAS THERE A GIRL WITH HIM?

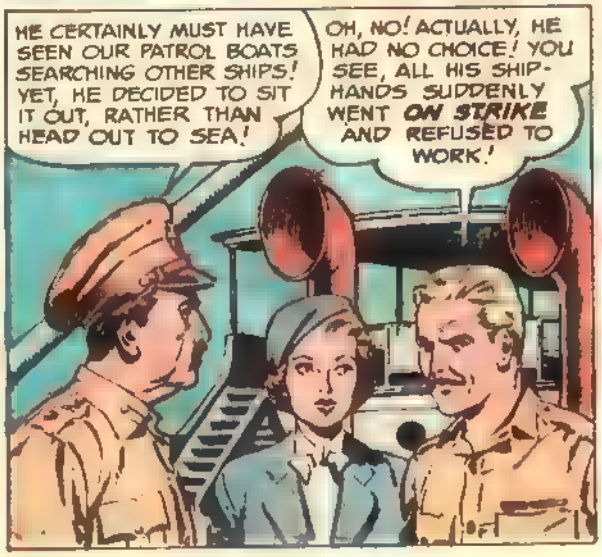

WHY...YES! COME TO THINK OF IT..
INSPECTOR! LOOK! UP THERE!
THAT'S HIM! AND HE'S GOT MISS HAMILTON! HE'S TRYING TO LOWER A BOAT!

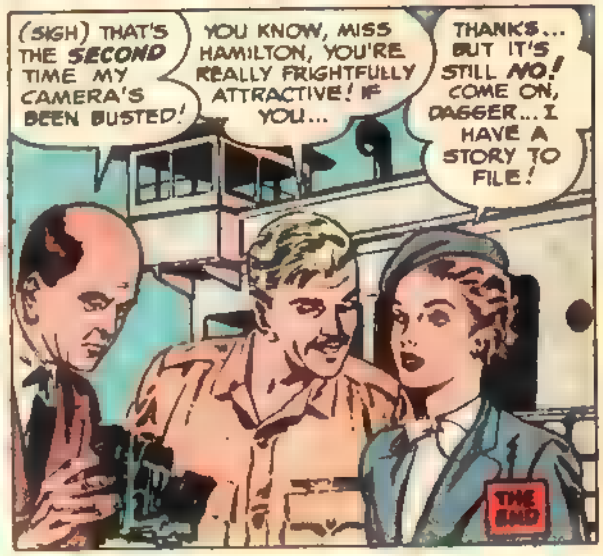

ALL RIGHT, YOU! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED! PUT UP YOUR HANDS!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE OR I'LL KILL THE GIRL!

VAS??

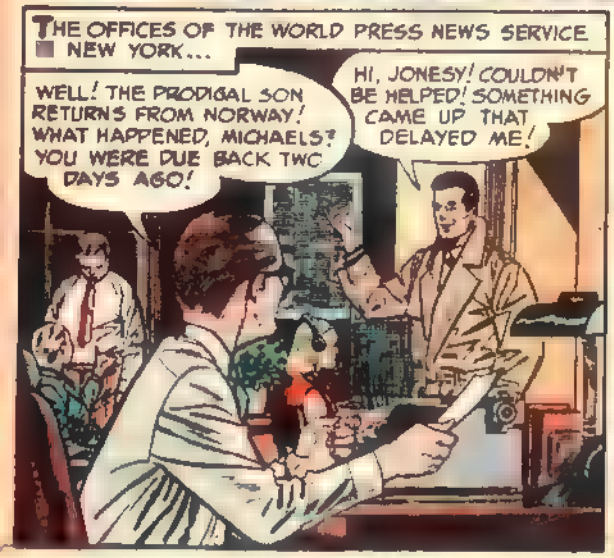


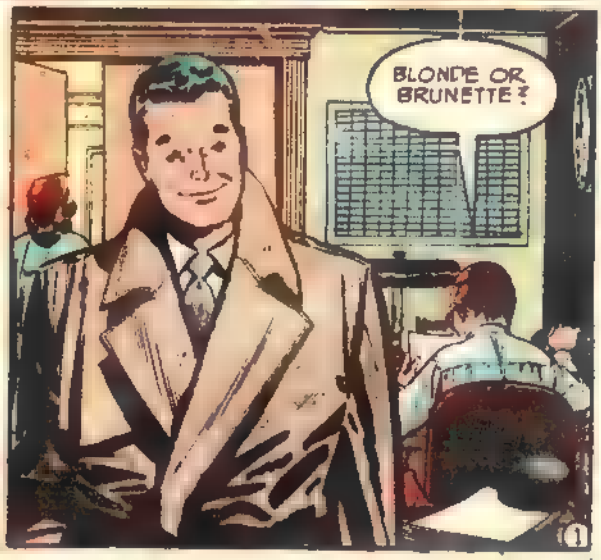

WELL, THAT ENDS THAT! PLAYING POSSUM JUST DIDN'T WORK OUT FOR HIM, I GUESS!
PLAYING POSSUM? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?


HE CERTAINLY MUST HAVE SEEN OUR PATROL BOATS SEARCHING OTHER SHIPS! YET, HE DECIDED TO SIT IT OUT, RATHER THAN HEAD OUT TO SEA!
OH, NO! ACTUALLY, HE HAD NO CHOICE! YOU SEE, ALL HIS SHIP-HANDS SUDDENLY WENT ON STRIKE AND REFUSED TO WORK!


(SIGH) THAT'S THE SECOND TIME MY CAMERA'S BEEN BUSTED!
YOU KNOW, MISS HAMILTON, YOU'RE REALLY FRIGHTFULLY ATTRACTIVE! IF YOU...
THANKS... BUT IT'S STILL NO! COME ON, DAGGER... I HAVE A STORY TO FILE!
THE END

DATELINE: NEW YORK CITY

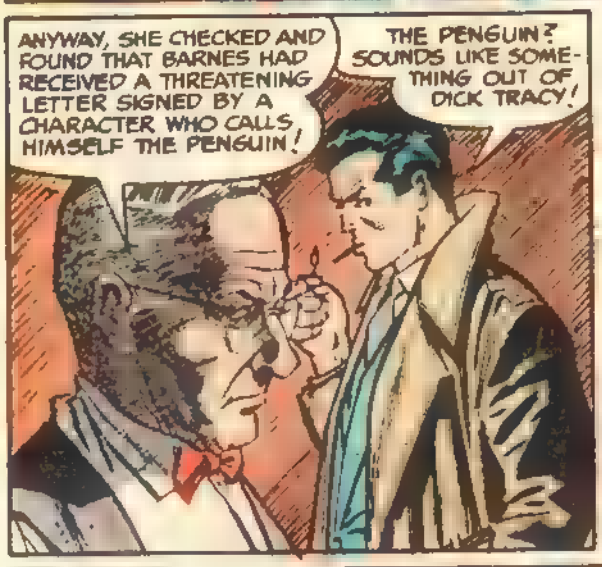


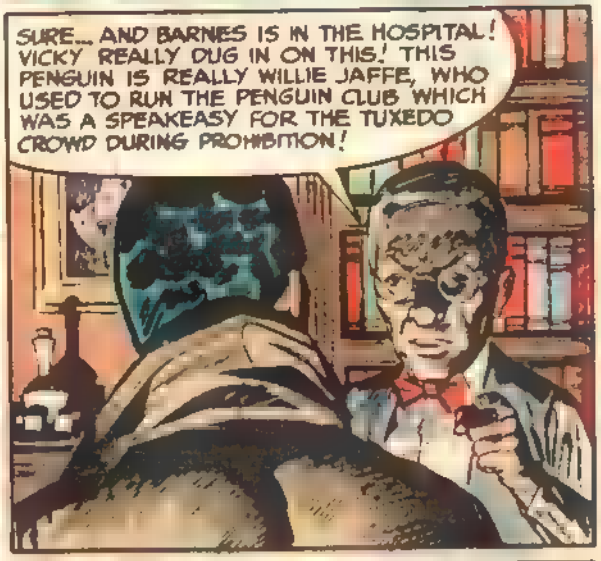


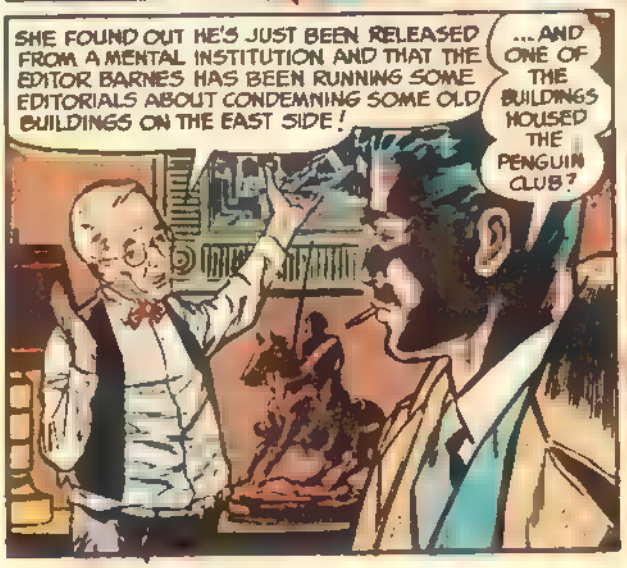
HI, MAC! SORRY I COULDN'T GET IN SOONER, BUT TODAY'S PLANE CONNECTIONS.
YEAH, YEAH! I'VE HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE! WELL, THANKS TO YOUR BEING LATE. VICKY'S LIFE IS AT STAKE!

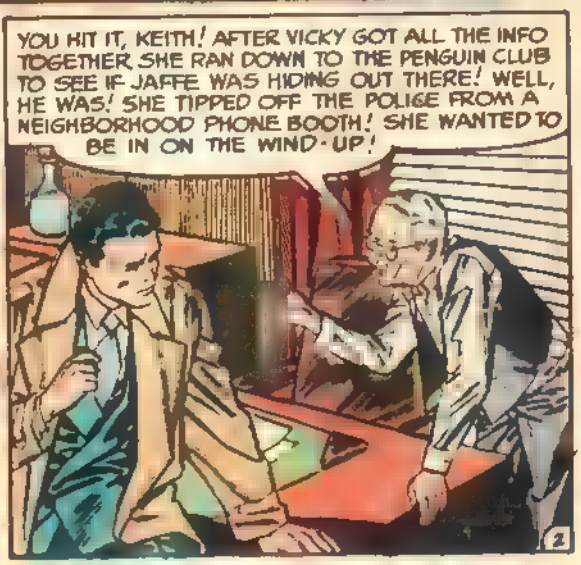
VICKY!? I DON'T GET IT! WHAT'S UP?
YESTERDAY, RALPH BARNES, EDITOR OF THE GOTHAM NEWS, WAS SHOT! THERE WAS NO ONE IN THE OFFICE SO I PUT VICKY ON IT!

BUT SHE'S NOT A REPORTER! SHE'S MY SECRETARY!
I KNOW THAT! I TOLD YOU THERE WAS NO ONE ELSE IN THE OFFICE, AND THE STORY DIDN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH, SO WHEN SHE ASKED TO GO, I SAID OKAY!


ANYWAY, SHE CHECKED AND FOUND THAT BARNES HAD RECEIVED A THREATENING LETTER SIGNED BY A CHARACTER WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE PENGUIN!
THE PENGUIN? SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF DICK TRACY!

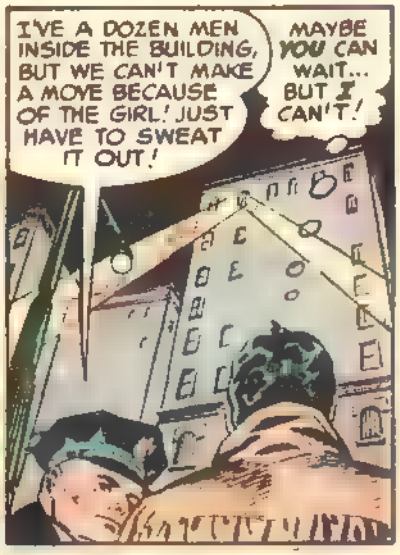

SURE... AND BARNES IS IN THE HOSPITAL! VICKY REALLY DUG IN ON THIS! THIS PENGUIN IS REALLY WILLIE JAFFE, WHO USED TO RUN THE PENGUIN CLUB WHICH WAS A SPEAKEASY FOR THE TUXEDO CROWD DURING PROHIBITION!

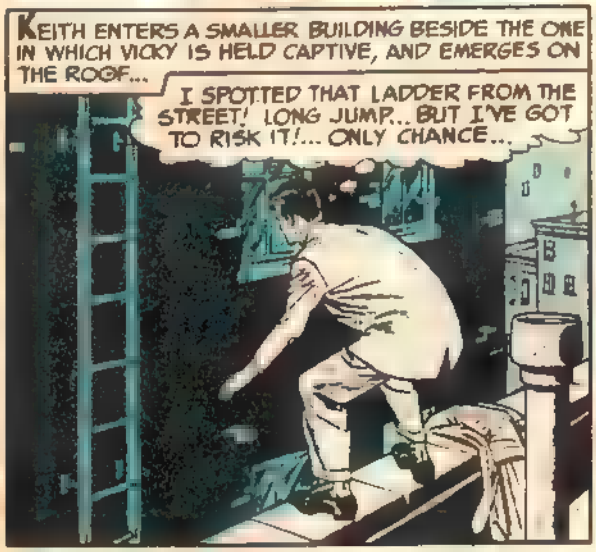

SHE FOUND OUT HE'S JUST BEEN RELEASED FROM A MENTAL INSTITUTION AND THAT THE EDITOR BARNES HAS BEEN RUNNING SOME EDITORIALS ABOUT CONDEMNING SOME OLD BUILDINGS ON THE EAST SIDE!
...AND ONE OF THE BUILDINGS HOUSED THE PENGUIN CLUB?

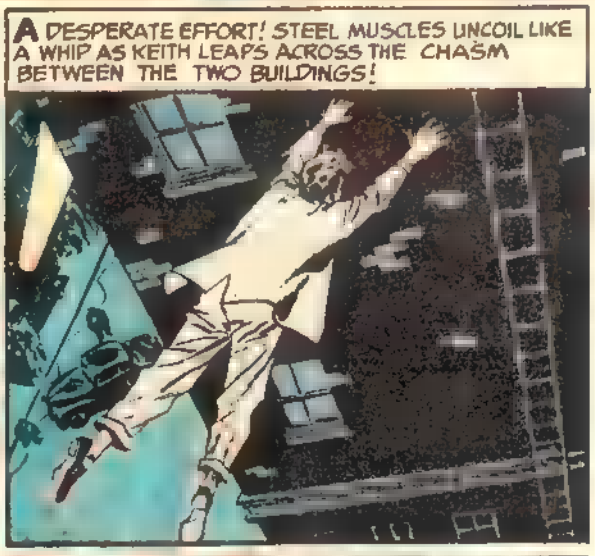

YOU HIT IT, KEITH! AFTER VICKY GOT ALL THE INFO TOGETHER SHE RAN DOWN TO THE PENGUIN CLUB TO SEE IF JAFFE WAS HIDING OUT THERE! WELL, HE WAS! SHE TIPPED OFF THE POLICE FROM A NEIGHBORHOOD PHONE BOOTH! SHE WANTED TO BE IN ON THE WIND-UP!

BUT SOMETHING WENT HAYWIRE! A FEW MINUTES AGO WE GOT A CALL THAT THIS PSYCHO HAS HER TRAPPED IN THE BUILDING...AND HE'S USING HER AS A SHIELD! HEY! WHERE YOU GOING?!

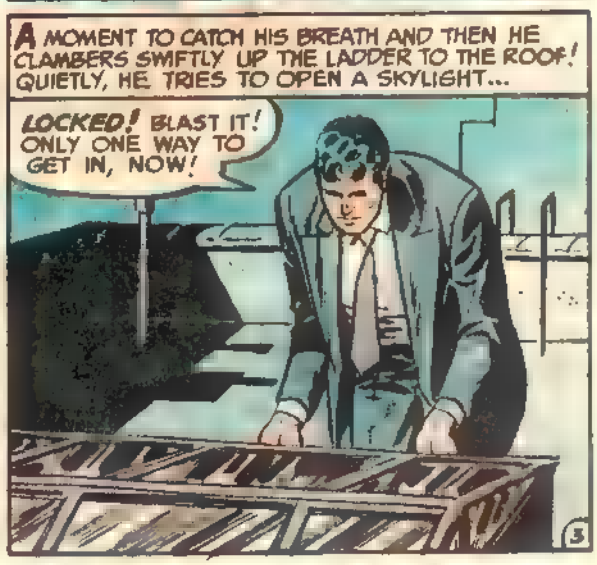
A HALF-HOUR LATER...
YEAH, SURE...I REMEMBER YOU, MICHAELS! HE'S GOT THE GIRL WITH HIM ON THE TOP FLOOR! SAYS HE'S GOING TO JUMP AND HE'LL KILL THE GIRL IF WE TRY TO BRING UP THE NET!


I'VE A DOZEN MEN INSIDE THE BUILDING, BUT WE CAN'T MAKE A MOVE BECAUSE OF THE GIRL! JUST HAVE TO SWEAT IT OUT!
MAYBE YOU CAN WAIT... BUT I CAN'T!

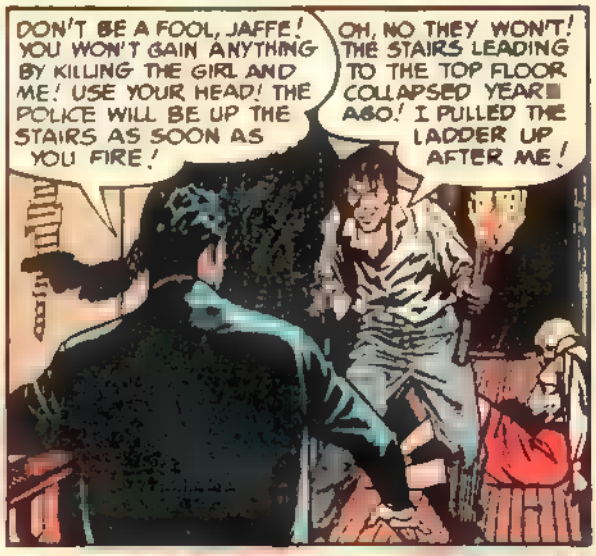

KEITH ENTERS A SMALLER BUILDING BESIDE THE ONE IN WHICH VICKY IS HELD CAPTIVE, AND EMERGES ON THE ROOF...
I SPOTTED THAT LADDER FROM THE STREET! LONG JUMP...BUT I'VE GOT TO RISK IT!... ONLY CHANCE...

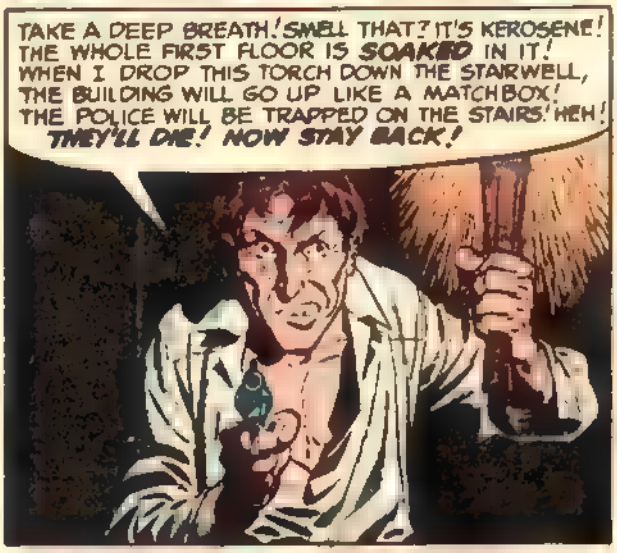

A DESPERATE EFFORT! STEEL MUSCLES UNCOIL LIKE A WHIP AS KEITH LEAPS ACROSS THE CHASM BETWEEN THE TWO BUILDINGS!

HE MAKES IT!


A MOMENT TO CATCH HIS BREATH AND THEN HE CLAMBERS SWIFTLY UP THE LADDER TO THE ROOF! QUIETLY, HE TRIES TO OPEN A SKYLIGHT...
LOCKED! BLAST IT! ONLY ONE WAY TO GET IN, NOW!
3

WHO'S THERE!? DON'T MOVE OR I'LL SHOOT!!

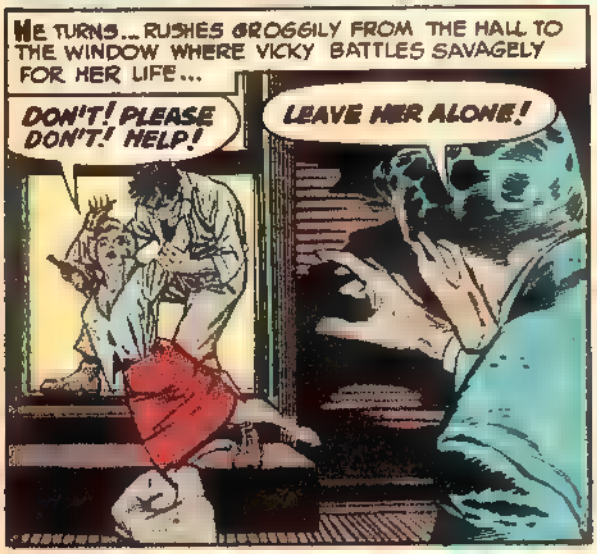

DON'T BE A FOOL, JAFFE! YOU WON'T GAIN ANYTHING BY KILLING THE GIRL AND ME! USE YOUR HEAD! THE POLICE WILL BE UP THE STAIRS AS SOON AS YOU FIRE!
OH, NO THEY WON'T! THE STAIRS LEADING TO THE TOP FLOOR COLLAPSED YEARS AGO! I PULLED THE LADDER UP AFTER ME!

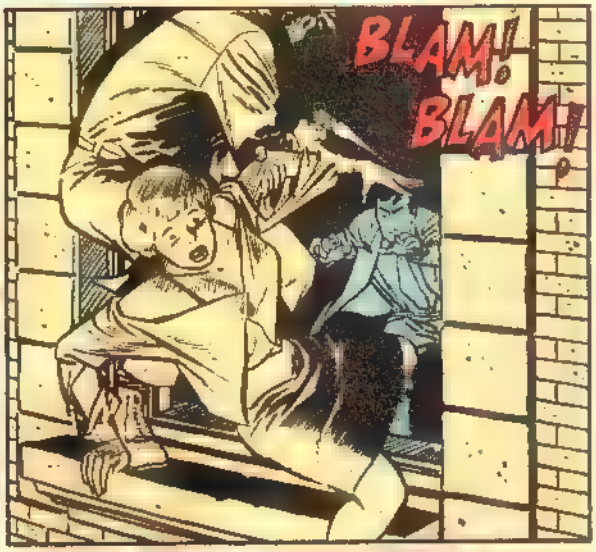

TAKE A DEEP BREATH! SMELL THAT? IT'S KEROSENE! THE WHOLE FIRST FLOOR IS SOAKED IN IT! WHEN I DROP THIS TORCH DOWN THE STAIRWELL, THE BUILDING WILL GO UP LIKE A MATCHBOX! THE POLICE WILL BE TRAPPED ON THE STAIRS! HEH! THEY'LL DIE! NOW STAY BACK!

CLINGING WEAKLY TO THE RAILING, KEITH DIMLY HEARS A FURIOUS ROAR FROM BELOW, MINGLED WITH THE CRIES OF THE MEN ON THE STAIRS! THE KEROSENE HAS IGNITED!
VROOM!

AND THEN, THROUGH THE CHAOS OF SHOUTS AND SMOKE, HE HEARS A SHARP, PIERCING SCREAM...
KEITH! STOP HIM! DON'T LET HIM DO IT! HELP ME!
STOP FIGHTING! WE WON'T BURN! WE'LL DIE QUICKLY!

KEITH FORCES HIMSELF TO MOVE... TO THINK! HE GRASPS THE HUGE LADDER, LIFTS IT TO THE RAILING AND SHOVES IT OVER!

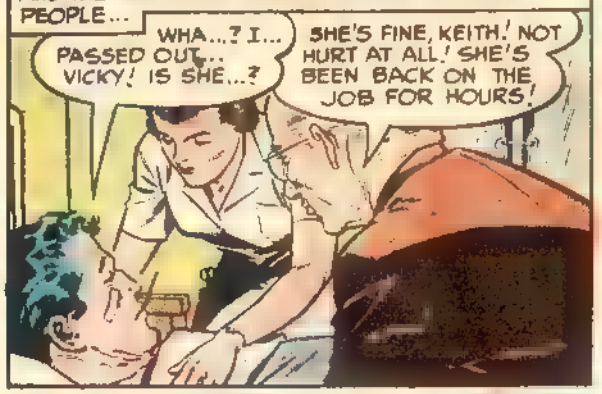

HE TURNS... RUSHES GROGGILY FROM THE HALL TO THE WINDOW WHERE VICKY BATTLES SAVAGELY FOR HER LIFE...
DON'T! PLEASE DON'T! HELP!
LEAVE HER ALONE!

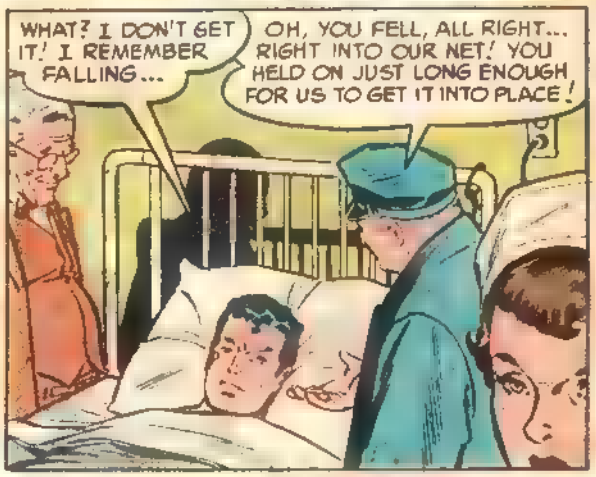

BLAM! BLAM!

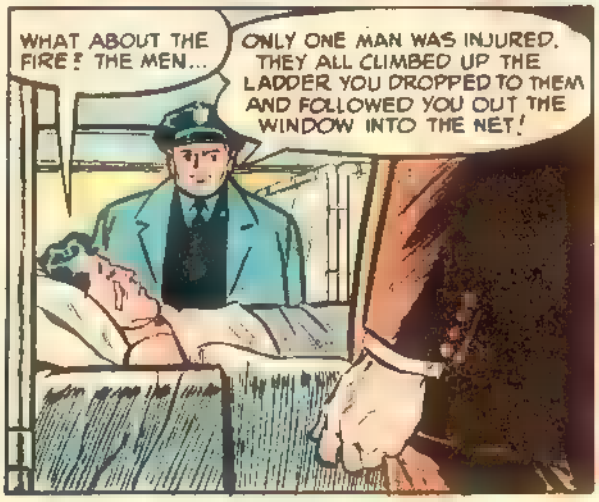
THE MOMENTS TICK SLOWLY BY. THROUGH A HAZY VEIL THE SOUNDS OF THE SCREAMING CROWD BELOW REACH HIS EARS, THE SEARCH-LIGHTS BLIND HIS EYES! SEARING BOLTS OF PAIN DEADEN HIS GRIP...

BLOOD THUNDERS IN HIS EARS, A CLOUD OF SILENT BLACKNESS SETTLES OVER HIM. HE FEELS HIMSELF FALLING...

THE DARKNESS IS LONG...PEACEFUL...SAFE. BUT THEN SOUND DRIFTS THROUGH TO HIS CONSCIOUSNESS AND THE DARKNESS FADES TO REVEAL SHAPES... PEOPLE...







THE CASE OF THE COLORFUL CAPER

Phil Corwin sat loosely in a corner of the lush living room, fondling his empty Martini glass, quietly watching the girl in the Scotch plaids talking with the other weekend guests across the floor. Something about her disturbed him. It had caught his attention the moment she had entered and it persisted in being recognized. His reportorial instincts sensed something odd, something more interesting even than her obvious beauty, but he couldn't decide what it was. He watched her down the last of a Pink Lady and set the glass gently on a table. Unravelling himself, he crossed over to the bar, mixed another Martini for himself and a Pink Lady as best he could remember how, then ambled over to the girl. The couple she had been speaking to had left. He set the two drinks on the table and slid into the seat beside her.

"I thought you could use a refill," he said. "Pink Lady, isn't it?"

She nodded, smiling, "That's right," she murmured. "My favorite. Thanks."

She lifted the Martini. "No," he said, "that's mine."

"Oh." She looked at the glass, set it quickly down and picked up the Pink Lady. "How stupid of me."

He smiled at her mistake and was about to move a bit closer when a shriek snapped the string of his thoughts.

The hostess rushed into the room, babbling wildly. Something had been stolen, she blabbered. It had been there this morning, now it was gone, who could have done such a thing, call the police.

Phil almost laughed. Probably a routine thing. Probably mislaid something, that's **all.** Nothing to get excited over, but since the other guests were doing nothing about it, he calmed the woman and proceeded to get the facts.

A painting had been stolen, no, not the original, a sepia-toned reproduction, not worth more than fifteen dollars, why would anyone want to do such a thing?

He ruled out the possibility of a burglar entering from outside. Too many people around. Someone already in the house. He liked that idea better. He surveyed his companions and his eyes rested on the girl he had been talking to. A grin suddenly crossed his face and he was sure he wouldn't have to find any motives.

"You didn't know you took the wrong painting, did you?" he asked.

It hit her like a slap in the face but she held on tightly. "What?" she replied evenly. "What are you talking about?"

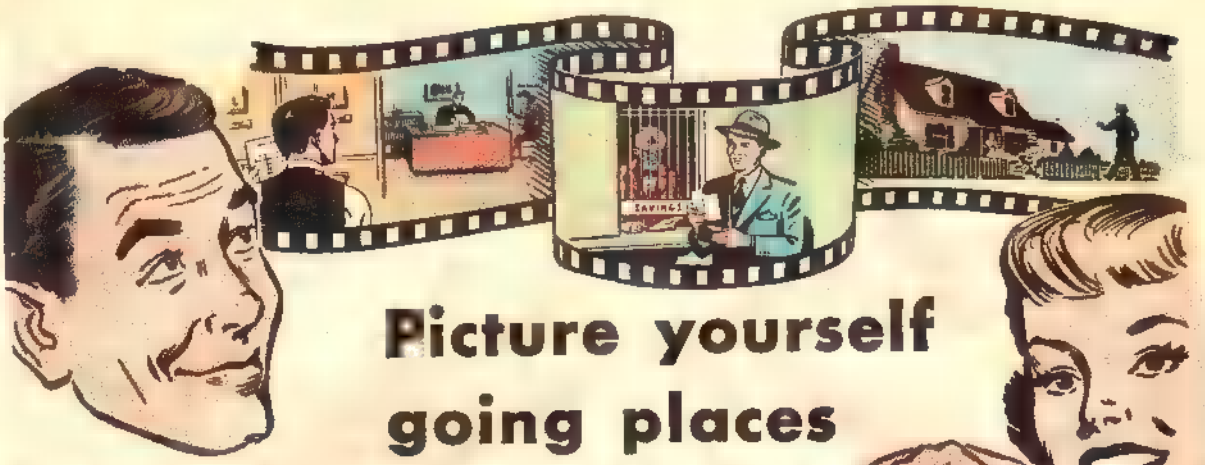
"Come off it, beautiful. It's like this. No one would be crazy enough to steal a painting that's probably worthless. Whoever did it thought they were getting the real thing, but couldn't tell the difference between a sepia-toned reproduction and the original because that person was color-blind.

"I noticed something odd about you," he continued, "the minute I saw you but I didn't know what it was till now. It's that outfit you're wearing. Your skirt and jacket are two different plaids. No girl in her right mind would wear two distinct types of plaids unless they couldn't distinguish colors. And you're so color-blind you can't tell a Pink Lady from a Martini."

She made no reply. She merely slumped weakly into a chair, covering her face with her hands.

Phil paused to light a cigarette.

"If you had read the papers," he said at length, "you'd have known the original had been donated to a benefit showing. I know because I wrote it. And if you'll pardon me, I have to phone my editor. I can't wait to see this follow-up in print."



Picture yourself going places

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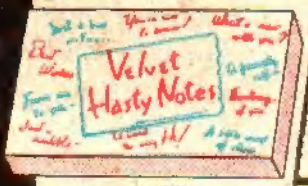

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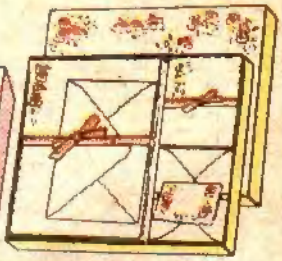

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By WALTER ALSTON

Let me start this way. I own a 1952 Chevie. I'm the original owner. I've driven the car some 27,000 miles. Until six months ago, this car was no better or worse than any other automobile on the highway.

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Now, I'm no mechanic. Until six months ago, I never really touched the engine of my car. I bought no expensive tools. I made no major mechanical changes, because I **couldn't** make them. I didn't spend one red penny for "gimmicks" or "gas savers" of any kind. The only difference between my car today—and the performance that you can get out of your car one day or one week or one month from now—lies in a few simple, scientific facts. I learned these facts from some of the country's top automotive engineers. I'd like to give them to you — right now!

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1. These engineers learned that the average driver probably WASTES 2 to 2½ gallons of gas out of every 10 — simply because no one has ever taught him the few professional secrets of smart driving! That he doesn't know how to avoid second gear—and save **40% of the gasoline he now uses**, every time he touches his shift. That he doesn't know how to beat stop-and-go driving and save **75% of the gasoline he now uses**, every time he pulls away from a light. That he does not know the right way to warm up his engine—and **save 90% to 95% of the gasoline he now uses**, every time he pulls away from his garage. And that if he could learn these few simple tricks, then he could increase his mileage by 3-5-7 miles a gallon **immediately**—without touching a single tool —without lifting up his hood.

2. These experts learned than an additional 2 to 3 gallons out of every ten **are wasted** in the engine of your car. That not one drop of that gasoline goes to move your wheels an inch. That this wasted gasoline is burned up to beat the unnecessary friction in your engine . . . that it leaks out of the cracks and holes in your engine . . . that it's never exploded— **that its power goes out the exhaust instead of the wheels.** These men discovered that if you could find a lubricant that reduced that friction . . . if you could find a sealer, that trapped that power . . . if you could find a compressor that increased that explosion—then you would automatically save that wasted gasoline—you would increase that mileage by an additional 3 to 7 miles a gallon—and you would end up with as much as 8-10 and 12 and even 14 extra miles a gallon.

3. And at the same time—because you were getting more punch from your engine—you would automatically get faster pick-up . . . greater acceleration . . . more jump every time you touched a pedal. You would help prevent major repairs — because you could stop minor disturbances before they could grow. And you would be able to drive an automobile that gives you new-car power . . . new-car economy . . . new-car dependability for as much as 75,000 to 90,000 miles!

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Here's how to get an extra 20% . . . 25% . . . 30% **more power** from your car without spending a penny — the power you need to get out of trouble on the highway . . . to zoom away from other cars at the lights. Here's how to add 5-10 miles an hour to your top speed . . . how to drive up to 5,000 miles safely—without changing your oil! Here's how to get 25,000 more miles from your tires without touching a tool . . . how to stop steering wheel "play" . . . how to prevent your windshield from fogging up during the winter . . . how to fix a stuck horn . . . how to instantly get out of snow or sand without a tow!

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Here's the easy, quick way to make dents and scratches disappear — for good — how to remove rust from chrome, keep it sparkling bright, for years. How to make your own carbed — "customize" your car . . . restyle your grill . . . make your own "Continental Rear Tire" for less than $10 . . . how to lower your car . . . how to "soup up" your car for more power and mileage!

Here is your Complete Fix-It-Yourself Section that may save you $100 to $150 this season alone! Here's how to prevent the most costly breakdowns — before they happen! How to prevent carbon and valve jobs—major clutch replacements—carburetor, brake and starting failures. Simple step-by-step picture directions show you how to adjust brakes yourself and save $5! Repair a clutch yourself and save $13. Add new life to your battery and save as much as $18! Fix a leaky radiator and save $20!

Here's exactly what to do when your engine won't start—when your engine misses—if your engine stalls or floods —if you use too much oil—if your engine idles rough—black exhaust smoke — poor acceleration — labors — overheats — pings — knocks, shimmies — wanders and dozens more!

Here's a quick, 3-minute way to free sticking valves, without touching a tool! A 20-second way to prevent oil waste. How to get faster warm-ups in winter. Here's an emergency road flare that doesn't cost a penny . . . how to make anti-freeze last for two, or more seasons. How to tell whether or not you really need a ring job, and perhaps save up to $250 on your car. Car repair books have sold separately for as high as $5 apiece! But now this amazing new car owner's fix-it-yourself section is yours as just one part of this amazing book! ACT TODAY!

Try It At Our Risk!

You can't buy "How To Double The Performance of Your Car" in a store. It sells for $1.98 plus postage — less than you'll save on your first minor repair. Try this book for 30 days. If you're not completely satisfied return for your full money back.

Here Is Authentic Documentation

NOTE: The information listed below is obtainable at your public library or through the publishers listed. These pamphlets should be read by every American driver.

ON REPAIRS!
THE REPAIR MAN WILL GYP YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT,
by Roger W. Reiss. Published by the Reader's Digest, July, 1941

ON GAS MILEAGE!
150 MILES A GALLON IS POSSIBLE,
by E. H. Burgess
INCREASE FUEL ECONOMY,
by Plymouth Corporation, Chrysler

ON OIL MILEAGE!
OIL DOES NOT WEAR OUT MECHANICALLY,
United States Bureau of Standards, Bulletin 86
CHANGE YOUR OIL, MISTER,
by Jack Harrison Pollock. True Magazine, June, 1952

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Probably the most widely-sold automotive equipment in the world! OVER HALF A MILLION DRIVERS have paid up to $3 a set to put these amazing Air Bleed Needles on their cars! *But we have bought out an entire factory at a sacrifice price! For this one advertisement only, they are yours as a FREE gift, even if you return the book! But you must act TODAY! After our limited supply is gone, they must return to the $3 price!*

Here is how they work: If you have a six-cylinder car, you need only *one* Needle (regular price — $1.50). If you have an eight-cylinder car, you need *two* Needles (regular price—$3.00). In either case, you simply unscrew the old Idling Adjustment Needle on your carburetor, and put in the new. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT! You can do it in 60 seconds . . . without even dirtying your hands!

Once they're in, the purpose of these Air Bleed Needles is TO STOP YOUR CAR FROM WASTING GAS IN STOP-AND-GO-DRIVING — to save you as much as 2 to 4 miles a gallon on your stop-and-go driving! *If you use your car to go shopping . . . if you drive to work . . . if you have to fight traffic as much as once a week, then we believe you'll bless the day you first put this equipment in your car!*

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First chop a cigarette in two in either hole. Then cut finger in top hole and cigarette in lower. The cigarette is cut, but your finger is unharmed. Thrilling. Full instructions included.

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Talk, Sing, Play thru your radio

Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from another room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Fool everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio. Easily attached to most standard radios. Made of handsome enameled metal 4 inches high.

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